

# The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV--NO. 1.

MASSILLON, OHIO, JUNE 25, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 1,197.

## Spangler & Wade,

—THE—

## HATTERS & FURNISHERS,

New Stock and the Latest Styles.

NO. 4 EAST MAIN STREET,

Old Reed Room, MASSILLON, OHIO.

### Business Directory.

#### ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCAUGHEY, Attorney at Law, office over Duhan's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

COLE & REINOLD, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLIAMSON & GARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Rooms Nos. 11 and 12½ Oriea Block.

WILLIAM MCMILLAN, Attorney at Law, in H. Beatty's block, in the rooms formerly occupied by R. H. Folger.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public, Office second floor Tremont block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

#### BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital, S. Hunt, President, C. Steese, Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealers in promissory notes, manufactures' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

#### CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER SAILER, manufacturer and wholesaler Cigar dealer. Factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

PHIL BLUMENSCHEIN, wholesaler and retail dealer in Cigars. Factory & store room No. 59 West Main street.

#### DRUGGISTS.

Z. T. BAILEY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio.

#### DENTISTS.

E. CHIDESTER, Dentist, over Humberger & Son's store. Nitrous oxide gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

#### FURNITURE.

JAMES A. HACKETT, Furniture Dealer, Wall Paper, Curtains, etc., No. 16, West Main st.

JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23 West Main street.

#### GROCERIES.

D. WATKINS & SON, Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchants and dealers in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

ALBRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocers and Provision Dealers, Queensware, etc., No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

#### HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

#### PHYSICIANS.

H. B. GARRIGUS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barclay. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 241 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D. SURGEON. Office hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M., 12 M. to 2 P. M., 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

D. R. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M. Office open day and night.

#### JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

F. VON KANEL, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

#### TINNERS.

HENRY F. OEHLE, dealer in Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc., No. 14 West Main street.

#### MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

HESSE, SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Trenching Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Conrad & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturers of Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

### LATEST NEWS.

David Davis Seriously Ill—Erysipelas Has Developed—Chicago Physicians Called.

Rome Denounces the Knights—Approved by the Pope.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 21.—The friends of Judge Davis have to-day for the first time been told of his true condition, and many of them have been surprised to find that it is so serious. Judge Davis has been considerably debilitated all the spring from the effects of diabetes, and May 1 was attacked by a carbuncle which assumed a malignant form. His case, however, was not considered so grave a one until two weeks ago, when he was attacked with erysipelas. This has been growing worse and the judge has been gradually succumbing, until to-day he is a very sick man. He is greatly reduced in flesh, and for several days has experienced an almost total lack of appetite. No one is allowed to see him and his recovery is considered extremely doubtful.

Two prominent Chicago physicians have been sent for and will arrive to-day when a consultation with his local physician, Dr. Hiram Lacey, will be held. It is possible that the judge may yet rally, but it is highly probable that he never will.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 22.—Judge Davis remains in about the same condition as yesterday. He rests easily and experiences but little suffering except such as arises from weakness. His physicians held a consultation with Dr. H. A. Johnson of Chicago, and the conclusion was reached that the state of his affairs is such as to preclude the possibility of his recovery. His physicians say in effect that his death is only a question of time, and that he may pass away at any moment.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 23, 8:30 a. m.—The condition of ex-President David Davis at this hour shows a slight improvement.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 21.—The decrees of the council of the Roman Catholic church recently held at Quebec having been cabled to Rome, and having met with the approval of the pope, Cardinal Taschereau has issued a pastoral letter containing them, which will be read shortly in the churches of the diocese. The following quotation is from the letter:

The cosmopolitan character of secret societies and of that of the Knights of Labor, in particular, necessarily exposes many of their members to the risk of an order of a council residing in a foreign country, which council at a given time may not only have interests at variance with those of the government to which its members owe allegiance, but may even be at war with the government.

For this and other reasons the church could not consistently tolerate the organization or approve of the means resorted to in order to attain the desired end. The council also deemed it prudent and in the interests of the church and Christianity to consider the secret aims of the promoters of Freemasonry and to warn the adherents of the Catholic church against joining any such organization.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 19.—Dr. S. A. Richmond, known as the proprietor of the patent medicine "Samaritan Nervine," drove to the office of the *Herald* yesterday, and entering it shot Col. J. Strong, who was sitting with his back to the door, jumped up and staggered to the back office, whereupon Richmond fired two more shots, one of which entered Strong's body. In five minutes Strong was dead.

After shooting Strong Dr. Richmond went from the office to the street, and, walking twenty feet from the office, fell to the ground, shot at his own head and that Richmond's wound is fatal.

Richmond, who has done an immense business in the sale of his nostrum, disappeared five months ago, leaving a promissory note for \$50,000 and other papers in the hands of his creditors, who have since been unable to locate him. He had ended his career in the river. At that time opinions differed as to his condition, some regarding him insane, others believing him simply working a ruse to obtain \$50,000 insurance money in his life. Since then he had become hopelessly insane. He returned to this city three months ago and has been under surveillance of friends ever since. He is undoubtedly insane.

RACINE, Wis., June 16.—This city is in a state of the wildest excitement over the attempted assassination of Mr. M. M. Secor, ex-mayor and proprietor of the Northwestern trunk factory. At about 11 o'clock last night an explosion was heard in nearly all parts of the city, but the police failed to discover the cause until nearly 3 o'clock this morning. Their researches disclose the fact that a dynamite bomb had exploded in the driveway leading up to Mr. Secor's residence. A string ran across the lawn to a culvert some distance away.

The remnants of the infernal machine found consist of nails, slugs, and several small canvas bags filled with dynamite. Pieces of the shell found indicate that the bomb must have been from eight to ten inches in diameter. The trees, fences, and houses show the effects of the terrible concussion.

Mr. Secor said that he returned home about 1:45 last night, and shortly after the explosion occurred. He is confident that the attempt to murder him failed by his returning home earlier than was expected. This forenoon the police were informed by Dr. F. J. Pope that he had been called to attend a wounded man at the residence of F. J. Palica, and that the man's injuries resembled those made by explosives. An officer was dispatched to Mr. Palica's residence and the injured man placed under arrest.

The prisoner said his name was John Jamers and he was a partner of F. J. Palica from Milwaukee on the 9:30 train to meet Mr. Palica and went to the office. Mr. Palica failed to come and he started for his residence. When he was opposite Mr. Secor's house the explosion occurred. He was greatly frightened and ran south and was met by Mr. Palica on Main street bridge, who took him home and called medical aid. He denied any knowledge of the bomb and said he belonged to no socialist order.

BOSTON, Mass., June 22.—A terrible fire, accompanied by loss of life, yesterday afternoon destroyed the New England institute building on Huntington avenue. The building was built by the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics' institute for exhibition purposes at a cost of nearly \$500,000. Last winter it was purchased by the Metropolitan street railroad company for \$300,000 and has since been used as a place for storing and repairing cars.

The fire caught in the front right corner on Huntington avenue, directly under the paint-shop, and when the flames reached the shop the oil and paint stored there spread over an immense space and proved a speedy carrier of the flames. There were at least a hundred men inside when the fire broke out, and all rushed for the rear windows. Most of them were helped out, but others not so fortunate remained and perished. While the thousands of spectators were viewing from neighboring roofs the magnificent spectacle a horrible tragedy was being enacted within, although out of sight and unknown to the throng. After the flames had been sufficiently extinguished search was begun among the charred ruins for possible victims, and up to 11 p. m. nine dead bodies had been removed, five of them burned beyond recognition.

It is now believed that the building was set on fire in several places by discharged employees. No additional bodies have been taken out, but it is stated that sixteen persons are missing.

#### LABOR NOTES.

The strike of twenty-six stonecutters in a yard at Detroit is likely to cause a general lockout, as all the contractors in the city held a meeting and decided to act unitedly against the demands of the union.

After a strike lasting four months, the stone-molders of Troy, New York, numbering fifteen hundred, returned to work Wednesday on the manufacturers' terms. Five thousand girls, who have been idle six weeks, have returned to duty at the old rate of wages.

A general strike of all the street-car drivers in Minneapolis was inaugurated Sunday evening, the cars being ordered issued by the company prohibiting drivers from getting down while on duty. By 10 o'clock almost all the old drivers had abandoned their cars. The company made an effort to supply their places with new men, but the strikers advised and assisted the recruits to tie up the cars or take them back to the stables. No violence was manifested, however. Superintendent Goodrich has appealed to Mayor Ames for police protection.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

The democrats of the Nineteenth Illinois district have renominated Congressman Townsend.

Samuel J. Randall is charged with an intention to introduce a bill for important reductions in tariff duties.

W. P. Hepburn, representing the Eighth district of Iowa in congress, was renominated by the republicans.

The winter wheat now being harvested in the vicinity of Jerseyville, Ill., bids fair to be a two-thirds crop of No. 2.

At Greenfield, Indiana, Samuel Hollingsworth made 28½ miles on a bicycle in twenty-four hours, breaking all the records.

The managers of five large rolling-mills in Philadelphia are considering demands made by fifteen hundred employees.

Two thousand persons residing in the vicinity of Waldron, Michigan, aided John Brooks to celebrate his one hundredth birthday.

The governor of Louisiana has approved of a bill for the better observance of Sunday. It will take effect at the commencement of 1887.

The Irish parliamentary fund committee of New York has raised \$98,663 to send abroad. One gentleman who withheld his name gave \$5,000.

Dr. Richmond, who killed Colonel Strong at St. Joseph, Mo., is still at his home, under guard of three policemen, and knows nothing of his terrible deed.

Moses A. Dow, the founder of the *Western Mailer*, died in Boston, Wednesday, leaving \$2,000,000, which he had accumulated in thirty-five years as a publisher.

It is said that the boodle aldermen of New York have offered a large sum of money to ex-Alderman Waite, with which to kill time in Europe until the storm blows over.

A bronze monument, representing a soldier at parade rest, was unveiled at Defiance, Ohio, Tuesday. General Rosecrans and ex-Governor Foster delivered addresses.

S. P. Spier, a young bicyclist, has journeyed from Albany to Chicago since the month opened, and expects to make San Francisco in sixty days from the time of starting.

While drilling for gas at Akron, Ohio, Thursday, at a depth of 2,400 feet workmen touched a vast lake of very strong salt water, into which an iron sander was lowered 1,000 feet.

On a telegram from the navy department, the revenue cutter *Forward* has left Mobile for Mississippi sound, to intercept a schooner loaded with men and arms for filibustering in Cuba.

The democrats of the Seventeenth Illinois district, now represented in congress by John R. Eden, have nominated Judge Edward Lane of Hillsboro. Fifty-one ballots were taken.

Mrs. Reed, of Jackson, Michigan, has for ninety-one days taken no nourishment except two spoonfuls of port wine daily. She suffers from internal cancer, and there is no chance for her recovery.

The conference committee of iron manufacturers gathered at Pittsburgh signed the scale of the Amalgamated convention, thus forestalling wage troubles for a year among the mills of the country.

A freight train on the Fort Wayne road was wrecked Wednesday near Canton, Ohio. A lad from Alliance, named Harley Harrington, was killed. Ten loaded refrigerator-cars were demolished.

W. J. Sanderson, a justice of the peace at Cincinnati, pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery preferred by a woman, and was fined \$100 and sentenced to two months in the workhouse.

President Mackey, who has a system

proposes to lay track from some point on the Evansville road, through the Bedford quarries, to Columbus, Indiana, seventy miles.

William S. Holman has been renominated for congress by the democrats of the Fourth Indiana district. The supporters of John R. Cravens threatened to secede from the convention, but were mollified.

The circuit court at Springfield, Mo., quashed both the indictments against Mrs. Emma Molloy in the Graham case, but held her in \$1,100 to answer any new presentments. Cora E. Lee is still in jail at Bolivar.

A. W. McLellan, minister of fisheries for the Dominion, states that American vessels will be allowed to purchase bait or supplies or make shipments at Canadian ports, but must not remain longer than one day.

Jacob Swingley, of Creston, Illinois, while suffering from malarial fever, killed his young daughter with a razor, fatally wounded his son, and took his own life. His mother and brother were once confined in an insane asylum.

Counsel for the thirteen indicted Knights of Labor of Milwaukee withdrew his applications for a continuance, whereupon the district attorney called up the cases and secured the forfeiture of bail amounting to \$15,000.

Gaul, the Sioux chief, who was in command at the massacre of Gen. Custer and his soldiers, has agreed to go to the battle-field on the tenth anniversary of the battle, to a party of army officers the chief features of the affair. Ex-Governor Sherman of Iowa, was Thursday placed on the stand in the impeachment of Auditor Brown, at Des Moines, and was sustained by the managers in his refusal to state why he did not bring suit against the accused.

At the opening of the trial of the Chicago anarchists, A. R. Parsons surprised the court by making his appearance in company with the counsel, and was taken into custody. A special venire was exhausted without securing any jurors.

The funeral of King Ludwig of Munich, Sunday, was attended by the German crown prince. The concourse of citizens was so vast that many persons were injured. The bells throughout Bavaria will ring for an hour at noon for the coming six weeks.

The state's attorney at Chicago has been notified by counsel that a separate trial will be asked for Spies, Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe, the indicted anarchists, in order that their interests may not be prejudiced by the testimony against the three alleged bomb-throwers.

Workmen employed by Peter Herdic in digging a reservoir at Huntington, Pennsylvania, discovered an earthen pot filled with coin, believed to amount to several thousand dollars. The finder, the contractor, and the former owner of the land are preparing for a triangular suit over the treasure.

The governor of New York has signed a bill providing that no person charged with crime in another state shall be taken away without extradition papers, and that any person aiding in the removal of a prisoner without a requisition shall be deemed guilty of felony and sent to state prison.

Under the new law of New York against imprisonment for debt, the authorities at Long Island City released Henry S. De Bevoise, ex-mayor, who had lain in jail for three years because of his inability to meet a judgment for \$30,700 obtained against him by the city.

Mr. Jordan, the treasurer of the United States, recently made the discovery that the supervising architect had discharged the only man in Washington who understood how to handle the locks of the treasury department. His immediate restoration to the payroll was a necessity.

A conspiracy to murder a ranchman near Spie Springs, Texas, was exposed by one of the parties. Five neighbors seized the ringleader, perforated him with bullets, and hanged him to a tree, where his body was allowed to dangle for five days, as the Comanche county officers are away on vacation.

Governor Martin is likely to be renominated by the republicans for governor of Kansas. McCabe, the present auditor, a colored man, desires a third term, but John M. Brown will fight for the nomination. The democratic candidates for governor are Thomas P. Fenlon and Angell Mathewson.

The influential London journals, with the exception of two personal organs, are united against home rule on the Gladstone plan. Some of the weeklies favor restricted forms of home rule. Lord Greville, an influential Irish landlord, is a convert to Gladstone. Punch has gone over to the Tories.

Mr. Gladstone, addressing a vast audience at Edinburgh Saturday evening, pronounced the present electoral campaign the people's battle. Social order could not be restored in Ireland, he said, unless the people speak out clearly and manfully. Hisses and groans were uttered when he mentioned the defection of *The Scotsman*.

Grace Brewer, a colored girl of Vincennes, Indiana, was the only person graduating from the high school Friday, eight white pupils refusing to appear with her. She read a creditable essay on the difficulties of educating colored youth, and was given a diploma. The Woman's Suffrage association of Kokomo sent her a silk badge and its congratulations.

The citizens of Oswego, New York, recently invited a prominent London lady, named Jones, to participate in the quarter-centennial anniversary of the normal school which she aided in establishing. On the voyage across the Atlantic she became violently insane, and on reaching Oswego her condition was so alarming that she was sent home in charge of competent attendants.

A decision of the Supreme court in the quo warranto case brought by the Cincinnati board of public works, sustains the new board of public affairs appointed by Gov. Foraker and establishes the legality of the state senate as reorganized by the republicans after the departure of the democratic senators. It also settles the legality of the law authorizing the state loan of \$500,000, restricting the state for congressional purposes, and all acts of the legislature.

Gov. Oglesby stopped in East St. Louis Sunday night on his way home from the southern part of the state, where he had been inspecting the state penitentiary and insane asylum. He was waited upon by a committee of

citizens and requested to do something for the people of East St. Louis, who were unable to protect themselves from the thieves and thugs who have possession of the city. The governor said he thought that a city of 10,000 people should be able to protect itself, and declined to send any militia or do anything until the citizens had acted for themselves.

#### CONGRESSIONAL.

##### Senate.

JUNE 16.—The military academy appropriation bill was taken up by the Senate today and passed. (On the passage of the bill Mr. Plumb called for the yeas and nays. He said he would vote against all appropriations for the West Point academy till such a time as a change was made in the law which would allow at least one-half the appointments to army vacancies to be made from civil life. He believed that the exclusiveness which we were creating in the army was building up an aristocratic and nonrepresentative institution, which would serve no purpose. The vote was yeas 42, nays 47. The yeas were Messrs. Chase, Plumb, Teller, and Wilson of Iowa. The bill was passed as reported by the appropriation committee.)

Discussed and passed upon a memorial of the Massachusetts legislature urging congress to protect American fishermen in their rights.

The house bill providing for the repeal of the prohibition, timber-culture, and desert-land acts was discussed, and the senate adjourned.

JUNE 17.—Senator Ingalls offered a resolution in the senate to-day asking the president, in his opinion, it was not compatible with the public interest to furnish to the senate information as to the appointment and removal of clerks embraced within the provisions of the civil-service act of Jan. 16, 1883, also of chief clerks and chiefs of divisions. On the suggestion of Mr. Cockrell, who wanted to amend and change the scope of the resolution, it went over one day.

The senate then proceeded to the consideration of bills on the calendar under the five-minute limitation of debate. Among the bills passed were the following:

To authorize the sale of a tract of land near Salem, Oregon, for the use of the Indian training school; to provide for the sale of the Cherokee reservation in Arkansas; to authorize the secretary of war to credit the state of Kansas with \$24,498 for ordinance, etc.; (passed by yeas 42, nays 47.) The general government in the protection of the state from Indian invasion and depredation; to pay to the representatives of the government of Great Britain \$15,500 to enable that government to indemnify the owners of the *British Columbia* for abandoning their whaling voyage in the Arctic ocean in 1871 and rescuing ninety-five American seamen from shipwreck in the ice; appropriating \$150,000 for additional barracks at the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Milwaukee, and Leavenworth; to provide for one additional assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of major of cavalry; authorizing the postmaster-general to pay rent for buildings leased as post-offices, and providing for the appointment of an additional assistant secretary of the treasury, to hold office for one year from the passage of the bill.

Appropriations for the following public buildings were passed: At Duluth, Minn., \$100,000; at Chicago, Ill., \$100,000; at St. Paul, Minn., \$100,000; at Peoria, Ill., \$50,000; at Frankfort, Ky., \$15,000; at Kookuk, Iowa, \$40,000.

JUNE 18.—In the senate Mr. Ingalls entered a motion to reconsider the bill passed yesterday to pay to the Cherokee Indians their proportion of the proceeds of lands sold under the act of March 3, 1883.

The senate then proceeded to consideration of bills on the calendar under the five-minute rule. On reaching the Fitz John Porter bill, it was agreed that it be made a special order for next Thursday.

Mr. Platt's resolution providing for open executive sessions was objected to and went over.

Among the bills passed were the following:

Providing for the sale of the site of Fort Omaha, Nebraska, the sale or removal of the improvement thereof, and for a new site and the construction of suitable buildings thereon.

Authorizing the free transmission of weather reports through the mails.

To increase the efficiency of the army of the United States. (This is Mr. Logan's amended bill. The original bill provided for an increase of the army, and this provision gave rise to a protracted debate in the senate some weeks ago. In the interim that feature of the original bill has been omitted from the amended bill.)

After an executive session the senate adjourned until Monday.

JUNE 21.—The senate considered to-day the bill repealing the act of 1862 and timber-culture acts, and Senator Blair (N. H.) submitted an amendment providing that as to the desert lands not more than six hundred and forty acres should be held in single ownership.

The senate committee on public lands has amended the Mitchell amendment to the bill so that it will allow holders of military or other land warrants or scrip heretofore legally issued to locate on public lands.

JUNE 22.—In the senate to-day Mr. Maxey, from the committee on Neacagan claims, reported a resolution requesting the president to bring to the attention of the Neacagan government the claims of citizens of the United States against that government. Agreed to.

Mr. Hawley called up his motion to reconsider the bill prohibiting members of congress from accepting employment from railroads that had received aid from the United States. The motion was debated until 2 o'clock, and then went over until to-morrow.

The senate then took up the bill repealing the pre-emption and timber-culture laws. Mr. Blair had moved an amendment prohibiting the acquisition in one ownership of more than 640 acres of desert lands. To this Mr. Ingalls offered an amendment applying the limitation to all public lands. The latter proposition, which was the pending question to-day, was voted down—yeas 8, nays 43. The senators voted in the affirmative were Messrs. Blair, Dolph, and Teller. After some amendments of detail, and without final action on the bill, the senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

JUNE 16.—On motion of Mr. Throckmorton, of Texas, the House today passed a senate bill authorizing the Denison and Wichita Railroad company to construct a road through Indian Territory.

Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, from the committee on ways and means, reported back adversely a resolution offered by Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, declaring in favor of the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867, and a resolution offered by Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, expressing the sense of congress as adverse to any change in the present tariff, and they were laid upon the table.

The legislative appropriation bill was reported from the committee of the whole and passed.

JUNE 17.—Mr. Morrison's motion to consider the Morrison tariff bill was defeated in the house today by seven yeas and 100 nays.

Promptly at 1:30 Mr. Morrison (Ill.) moved that the house go into a committee of the whole to consider revenue bills. He said in reply to Mr. McKinley that his purpose was to consider the general revenue bill. The yeas were then called for. The roll-call was watched with intense interest, both on the floor and in the galleries, and an unusual silence prevailed. The silence was broken only by the applause which greeted Mr. McKim's vote, and which broke out again when

(Continued on Page 2.)



# THE QUEER LOBBYISTS

FOUND IN AND OUT OF THE CONGRESSIONAL HALLS.

Money Made in Lobbying Past and Present—The Ladies of the Lobby and Some Rare Men—The Striker—The Congressman and Others.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The last days of the session are fast approaching, and a few weeks at most will decide the fate of every bill and claim which is now before congress. The scenes of the great Capitol building are those of bustling activity, and a pushing, rushing, anxious crowd hangs about the doors of the house and senate, hurries this way and that through the corridors, and buttonholes the statesmen in the embrasures of the windows. The ladies' reception room is never empty now, and there are quite as many women as men in other parts of the congressional hall. The galleries are pretty well filled all the time, and the season, when the lobbyist gets his richest cream is at its full.

The Washington lobbyist does not make as much money now as formerly, and the days when fortunes were paid for a single vote seem to have passed away. There are scores of lobbyists here, but only a few of them make much money, and the term is now applied to any one who attempts to influence congress in any way in regard to any measure, whether it be in his own interest or in the interest of his friends. When Sam Ward was a power here it was not uncommon for some like \$10,000 and \$25,000 to be spent to influence even minor matters, and John W. Forney is said to have received \$5,000 for influencing a Pennsylvania congressman's vote against the Credit Mobilier bill. It is said that \$500,000 were given to lobbyists to get this subsidy through, and of this it is said that \$500,000 went to congressmen.



A lobbyist.

This money was spent in the interest of the Central Pacific railroad, and this railroad always keeps its agent here at Washington. Dick Franchot, an ex-congressman from New York, got \$25,000 a year for doing it in the past, and the man who attends to his business now receives in all probability a greater salary than twice that of the chief justice of the supreme court, and he is one of the characters of Washington. I see him every day at the Capitol. He is a slightly bent, old gentleman, with hair and side whiskers as white as snow and a smile which is childlike and bland. He looks very much like a retired statesman, and he moves about through the corridors apparently on familiar terms with every noted man about the Capitol. He probably knows more about legislation than any of the congressmen themselves, and I would rather trust his judgment as to the passage of a bill than that of four-fifths of the members of the house. He lives in the fashionable northwest part of Washington, and his daughters go into the best society. He reports the doings of congress to C. P. Huntington and Huntington often comes to Washington to confer with him. Last year when Huntington was here he was surprised that one of the senators refused to come out into the lobby to see him.

The Pennsylvania railroad pays \$10,000 a year to its agent at Washington, and this agent is a broad faced Quaker, with red side whiskers, who used to be a Washington correspondent. There are a number of other men who get big wages for influencing and keeping track of congressional work, but among them you will find no Sam Ward. Ward lived at Washington for eighteen years, and he was the greatest dinner-giver the capital has ever had. He was a short, stout fellow, with twinkling, laughing eyes, a noble head and snow white hair. His linen was always of the finest and his clothes of the best. He could speak half a dozen languages, and delighted in the studies of the classics. He wore a rose on his coat and diamonds in his shirt, and in one of his pockets he usually carried a copy of one of the Latin classics, which he read in the corridors while waiting for members of congress. He never asked men to favor his measures at the dinner table, but he treated them so well that they delighted to serve him. "It was a high toned fellow, and his dinner expenses for the first week he did here cost \$12,000. He spent a great deal of money, though he made a great deal, and there is a story that he spent some months in the kitchen of a French count studying the methods of his chef de cuisine to fit him for his after career."



The two old ladies in the house gallery.

A word about some of the big lobby schemes of the United States. The Yakoo land frauds, away back in 1795, proposed to sell 25,000,000 acres of good state lands in Georgia to a company for 1 1/2 cents per acre. The company bought the Georgia legislature and the bill passed. It was afterward questioned and finally came to congress. Congress, under the influence of the lobby, paid out \$8,000,000 to square the account, and gave these land sharks about 25 cents an acre for land that had cost them less than 2 cents an acre. Most of the early lobby schemes were land schemes, and in 1857 two New York congressmen had to resign because one of them had gotten railroad stocks for his vote, and the other had received seven square miles of land. When no bought Alaska it was charged that a

great deal of money was unduly used, and when the Credit Mobilier came up, a number of congressmen received their political deaths by being connected with it. The Pacific Mail Steamship bill is said to have cost \$500,000 for lobby expenses and of this \$300,000 was paid to a single congressman. The Pan Electric Telephone company attempted to do some lobbying during the past year by placing their stock where it would do the most good, and there are always before congress measures which are favored and opposed by the lobbyists.



An interview with Sam Randall.

Many of the lobby about congress are people who have their own claims to see after, and these claims do work for outside parties. Among them are scores of widows in black weeds, who come to the reception room to push, if possible, their claims for pensions. Others are southern women who have lost property during the war and want the government to reimburse them. I saw a sad scene in the reception room today, it was that of a gray haired, bent old woman in black, with two little children standing beside her, a boy and a girl pleading with Sam Randall. Sue may have been a soldier's widow, or a soldier's mother. I only know that I heard the word pension as I passed out of the doorway, and that the woman's eyes were wet as she talked, and that it all appeared to be moved himself.

One of the most indefatigable lobbyists, as regards her own interests, is Dr. Mary Walker, who struts around the Capitol corridors in a Prince Albert suit and little bits of polished boots, with heels half way down the middle of the sole. She carries a pug in one hand and a lot of papers and a cane in the other. She buttonholes congressmen, even on the floor, and I saw her leaning over and whispering earnestly in the ear of Judge Holmes, of Indiana, while at the same time she flourished her papers and her nose. Holmes seemed annoyed, but he talked kindly to her and after she went away, as I passed by his desk, he remarked: "What Dr. Mary Walker is a curious woman, but she really appears to have considerable ability."

Another woman lobbyist—and here I wish to say that in the use of the term lobbyist I mean nothing offensive or corrupt. I use it in the sense that it is used here, as the name of a person who attempts to influence action in the departments or at the Capitol in any way. Another lady lobbyist, I was going to say is a mailman lawyer of Washington, who is a curiosity in the sense that she practices law, solely for charity. She does not charge fees at all and when the Italian, Nardello, was about to hang, she bothered President Cleveland for his persistent appeals to save him. She would stand up before him and lay the law, the facts and his duties of mercy before him with all the force of a Roscoe Conkling, and he would listen and promise to consider it may have been through her influence that Nardello got his reprieve, but there was no doubt of his guilt and the president did right in hanging him. This charity lobbyist is a woman of perhaps 40 years of age. She is straight, well formed and she has a fine, large, intellectual head well set on a pair of strong, well-shaped shoulders. She dresses plainly and her short brown hair stands out all over her head after the style of that of Andrew Jackson. Kate Field has been lobbying here to some extent against the Mormons, and the Mormons have had a lobby in favor of themselves.



The lawyer who bored the president.

There are some pitiable cases of Washington lobbyists who are here working for their own claims. Two old women have become known as characters of the house gallery. They have a claim before congress, and session after session they have come here expecting to see it called up and passed. They are plainly dressed, and they often bring their kuiting with them to the sessions of congress. Day after day you may see them sitting there, one knitting and the other watching the legislation. The watcher leans over the railing and the least change in the business of the house attracts the attention of both. It is doubtful whether their bill will ever come up and it may be that one or other of them will drop dead while they are watching for it. Congress is the slowest machine in the country, and many a claimant has come before it with black hair and gone away with gray before his claim was acted on.

Billy McGarran is a case in point. He came away back in 1857, and twenty years ago he made his claim into a stock company of \$5,000,000, and later on increased it to \$10,000,000. The politicians, editors and lawyers of the olden times have slices of McGarran's stock piled away in their pigeon holes, and the most noted men of the country have been interested in his claim for the New Idria quicksilver mines of Lower California. Dan Sickles was McGarran's lawyer when Lincoln was president, and all along through these years, from that time to this, Irish Billy has been fighting for his rights before congress. His hair is still brown, but I don't think he has a better chance of success to-day than he had thirty years ago. I saw him at the Capitol to-night. He is a clean, well-dressed Irishman, of 60, with a smooth, red face, a pleasant blue eye and a frank, open manner. He was talking to a new congressman, and was, I doubt not, pouring out into his ears the wrongs of Billy McGarran.

A class of lobbyists here are southern men who have lost cotton and other property during the war. I know one old man with a pinched up, misanthropic face, cold, poverty-stricken blue eyes, ragged white whiskers, and straggling hair of spun silver. He dresses poorly, and he finds it hard to prosecute his claim for the \$500,000 which he lost in cotton. Another cotton claimant is a fine classical scholar who has worked long among the members, and who thinks the country is going to the dogs at telegraphic speed.

A great many of the lobbyists of Washington go by the name of attorneys, and some of them have held prominent offices in the past. Not a few of them have been in congress, and this fact gives them great advantage over other men, for the reason that they can go upon the floor during the session, and catch the congressmen in the cloak rooms. This better class of lobbyists seldom use money to influence votes. They trust to reason and their powers of persuasion. I suppose many of them would be shocked at the name of lobbyist, but it takes a fine mind to draw the line where the legitimate and the illegitimate lobbying begins and ends.

There is a set of lobbyists, however, known as the strikers of the lobby, who are as a rule first-class frauds. They make their money from a pretended acquaintance with prominent men, and they are broken-down politicians and adventurers. They hang about the hotels greeting prominent men, often without an introduction, and they promise votes which they have no chance whatever of influencing. Your average striker of the lobby has a coat that is a little worn at the seams. He can talk well, and one or two of them I know can chew tobacco and talk at the same time.

There are some professional lady lobbyists at Washington, and a man and his wife used to work the business together. I doubt not that many a wife of a congressman and senator lobbies her husband's favorite measures on capricious occasions. A year or two ago there was a woman brought to the Capitol on a bed to lobby her pension. She had lost her health in service as a nurse in the army, and had not been able to rise and walk from her bed for seventeen years. Certainly no one will criticize such a case of lobbying in fact the only objectionable lobbying, as far as I can see, is that in which a vote is attempted to be influenced by a payment of money or stock. All other action upon legislation, by reasoning, cannot be objected to.

FRANK GEORGE.

## DEATH OF A SCIENTIFIC WOMAN.

Mrs. Antoinette A. Smith, Indianologist and Mineralogist.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, June 21.—This lady died recently at her home in Jersey City, aged 42 years. She was an Indianologist and mineralogist, and at the head of the few scientists who were in this country, and her death is a great loss.



some years an attack of the Smithsonian Institution. Her line of work there was the folk lore and language of the six Indian nations. At the time of her lamented death she had nearly completed a dictionary of the language, still spoken by the Iroquois. She had also collected a volume of quaint Indian mythology and folk lore, which was published with illustrations by the United States bureau of ethnology. There is in both volumes much painstaking investigation and original research. The value of these studies in Indianology is that they preserve for us a record of a people now almost vanished from the earth. They will assist archaeologists to trace out the history and origin of the red man in America. In pursuit of her Indian lore the indefatigable worker went to the various tribes in person and lived among them a considerable time.

Mrs. Smith was married very young, having previously graduated at Mrs. Willard's seminary at Troy, N. Y. But she did not cease studying on her wedding day. On the contrary, her intellectual work seemed only begun. She took a course of study in the school of mines of Columbia college, New York. Later she went to Germany and studied mineralogy in one of the universities there, being the only woman who ever did this. She visited the coast of the Baltic sea to investigate the amber fisheries. Ten years ago she founded the Esthetic Society of Jersey City, an association mostly of young ladies, for literary, musical and elocutionary culture. It became very popular at once. Mrs. Smith was its president from the time of its organization till her death. It now numbers 300 members. It is said really to have changed the tone of society in Jersey City. The most distinguished men and women in the world of science and belles-lettres from both sides of the Atlantic have been guests of the Esthetic club.

Mrs. Smith was the first woman elected a fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. She belonged to the American Association for the Advancement of Science and to the English Anthropological society. When the British association met at Montreal our brave Yankee scientific woman read before them a paper on Indianology, which was greatly applauded. At her home, in Jersey City, she had what is said to be the finest private collection of minerals and Indian curios in America, gathered by her own busy hands. She was a prominent member of Sorosis, and for years was chairman of its committee on science. At her funeral the Daughters of Esthetics, members of Sorosis and scientific men met to mourn their common loss. Distinguished professors of science added to carry her flower-covered coffin to its tomb. Her home was a very happy one, and she was as lovable as she was learned. One of the pleasantest pictures in her life is that of the time when she went to Europe with her four sons, to study all together.

Ermie Smith was always learning. Her life is a steady inspiration and example to other women.

ELIZA ARCHER.

Your thought is your real strength. When you lift a weight you put your thought on the muscle that lifts. The heavier the weight the more of your thought do you put on it. If in so lifting, a part of your thought is turned in some other direction, if some one talks to you, if something frightens or annoys you, a part of your strength or thought leaves you.—Frederic Mallord.

# MORE WISCONSIN POETS.

PEGASIAN PRANCERS OF THE NORTH—WEST AND THEIR WORK.

Men and Women Who Are on Friendly Terms with the Muses—Rhyme and Reason Sweetly Blended—Personalities of Poets.

(Special Correspondence.)

MILWAUKEE, June 22.—Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold is a native of Boston, but a western woman by virtue of her many years' residence in Wisconsin and the genuine breadth and vigor of her nature. She lives in Columbus, is a happy wife, and the mother of three beautiful daughters, who inherit both her poetic talents and her sturdy good sense. Mrs. Griswold, besides being a writer of verse, is a woman of fine social qualities, large practical benevolence and general clear-headedness. She has the gift of adaptability, and she not only has it, but has it about her. She can write a poem or make a pie on demand. In her religious faith she is a Unitarian. In her life she is in full accord with all that helps for this life or that which is to come. In her home she is most hospitable and charming. All the quill folk of the state have found their way to her doors, and who so comes as lecturer or teacher or preacher from the east is sure to find her out. Mrs. Griswold writes good poems, but better prose. She writes both with a high moral purpose. She is a thorough reader, a good talker, a staunch friend. I do not know that she has "a single redeeming vice." She is tall and fair, with a delicate yet strong face, full of calm earnestness.

Mr. A. L. Carlton is one of those writers whose happiness is neither made nor marred by the dictum of publishers. Writing is his rest and recreation, not his profession. His poems are composed in the office, woods, fields, on the train, anywhere, and are rarely committed to paper till complete, word for word, in his own mind. They are characterized by the freshness and vigor of the great out-of-doors, by fine simplicity and classic finish. They have appeared in the best periodicals, and would appear oftener if his ambition was equal to his abilities. Mr. Carlton is a native of New England. A graduate of Andover. He is a practical business man, with the culture and traits of the literature. His home is in Wauwatosa, Wis.

He is the most versatile of the western literary school in Mrs. Marion V. Dudley, of Milwaukee. She is very tall, very stately, dignified almost to frigidity, with a fondness for elegant toilets and a perfect taste in all matters pertaining to the same. Her complexion is as delicate and as fitful in color as a girl's of 16. She wears neither bang, nor friz, nor wave, but brushes her dark hair smoothly back from her forehead in a fashion that not one woman in a thousand can bear, but which is the one of all others for her. Fifteen years ago she came to Milwaukee to take an editorial position on The Sentinel. Two years later she married the Rev. D. J. L. Dudley.

Since then her literary and social life has broadened. She seems to have the rare ability to serve two masters. She takes sweet counsel with the Concord philosophers; the wise men and women of the east are her fast friends and frequent guests. She is an advocate of woman suffrage, and has spoken wisely and well before the state legislature on that subject. Emerson clubs and conversational spring up in her path. Various enterprises of humanitarian aims and tendencies owe their existence to her efforts.

At the same time all the conventionalities of the east are as an open book to her. She of social life turn down the wrong corner of would never turn down the wrong corner of her calling cards. In her editorial training and conscious "art of letting." In her verse she shows a little tendency to "dig for the infinite."

Take it all in all the gods have been very generous to Mrs. Dudley, putting in her hands almost every means toward the attainment of a wide usefulness. Miss Hilda Siler is the youngest of the Wisconsin poets. She is a bright young lady. Although given to the writing of poetry she has a strong vein of practicality in her composition. One is almost tempted to say that she has no nonsense about her. Miss Siler writes good, pure sense, and has of a linguist, a fine musical ear, and a total in influence to matters material and ideal.

She has recently gone for a year's visit to Europe. Mrs. Elizabeth Baker Bohan, of Wisconsin, is a woman whom women call a reserved sweet. The adjectives are well deserved. She has gentle, graceful manners, a rage, which there is a quiet strength and courage, as positive as they are unobtrusive. Miss Bohan is artist as well as poet, and puts her poems or writes them according to fancy.

Charles Noble Gregory, the young poet-lawyer, of Madison, Wis., is a graduate of the state university, a man of fine culture, delicate tastes and irreproachable life. He has spent some time in travel abroad and is a trifle too exquisitely English. Aside from this affection he seems a very agreeable, sensible gentleman. Mr. Gregory has written some excellent poems, of the objective order; the intense is not in his line. He has a tendency to polish the life out of his verses; is unassuming and in society he is a shining light.

Mrs. Louise Phillips, of Madison, Wis., is round, dimpled and rosy. Sparkling with wit and a little given to sarcasm, the person who talks with her wants to have his wits about him.

Mr. Otto Soubron is a poet of marked ability, resident in Milwaukee. He is well known in German literary circles, and is gaining admirers among English readers. He is blonde-bearded and handsome.

Mrs. Grace S. Walk, of Chicago, is a dainty little lady, quiet and retiring in all her tastes and habits, with an unwise leaning toward self depreciation. She has not the smallest suspicion how really charming she is. It is only by resolute persistence that her friends make the discovery.

She writes little but well. She has an excellent critical ability, which, however, is directed chiefly against herself. Mrs. Wells is a widow, young, and possessed of ample means.

She writes clever verses with a dainty freshness about them that is delightful. There are many more who are winning their way as writers, but I have written enough to show what dangers attend the careless firing of guns in Wisconsin. These are a few of the riders of Pegasus who reside on Wisconsin soil. There are still more to follow, and their name is legion.

HENRY S. BARNES.

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# AMONG THE INQUIRERS.

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.

A Few Types of Boston Landladies—The Warm Interest They Take in Strangers. The Exceeding Inquisitiveness of the Volgar—A Car Conductor's Curiosity.

[Special Correspondence.]  
BOSTON, June 21.—This is a study of a Boston landlady who has just taken a New York lady as a lodger and has been engaged, while the lady was out, in looking over her letters left on the dressing table. She has not enjoyed herself so well for a long time, and it is a pity that the sudden and unexpected entrance of her new lodger should have interrupted such an innocent recreation. But accidents will happen in the best regulated families. She is now saying she thought it was an old gas bill. There is a crowd in her rear playing with the new lodger's things. It is composed of the landlady's children.



If the lodger had come ten minutes earlier she would have found the landlady trying on her garnet surah tea gown, and that would have been awkward too. She will wonder when she next wears that gown how its back seams got so strained and how the sleeves were torn. Landlady rather likes that garment, and has already made up her mind that if the lodger goes out of town for a night and leaves her extra clothes, she, the landlady, will wear that tea gown over to Mrs. Martinmuzzens's some evening, or else invite in a few people to ice cream, when she will play the hostess attired in it. She isn't quite sure just which she will do.

There is an overpowering quantity of curiosity lying about Boston. It seizes upon the stranger and bores him full of holes before he has had time to accustom his digestion to Washington pie and hot brown bread. Nor is its thirst ever allayed. Every time you go and come, the people whose inquisitiveness is highly developed, and their name is legion, ask you the why and wherefore. It is very much of an ask town, this. They don't consider it any trouble to ask questions, and they don't draw any very delicate lines around their interest in other people either.

Mr. D., from Chicago, spent last winter here. By some unhalloved luck he located in a social stratum that reeked with curiosity, and devoted its whole time to satisfying it. He and his wife constituted the family. They went to housekeeping on a second floor. The family on the lower floor plunged into their affairs with the zest of whale hunters. Every question under the sun relating to their personal or business affairs was fired off at them. No evasion, no change of subject, no tactics known to politeness warned off the dreadful invaders, who fairly demanded, with sword and gun, to know the innermost ramifications of their life. They sent a little boy up one day to boldly ask what salary Mr. D. received.

Mrs. D. was a little older than her husband. The family below asked them both their respective ages over and over again. Not receiving anything satisfactory in answer, the "old lady" of the house, a veteran of the inquisitive corps, who ought to have been strung all over with medals for heroic service in her line, walked up to Mrs. D., saying:

"Did you ever see Daniel Webster?"

"No."

"Were you born in Webster's day?"

"No."

"Well, you don't look so very old."

"No, I'm not so very old."

"Well, how old are you, anyway?"

"Old enough to mind my own affairs and trouble nobody."

"Well, how old is that?"

"Some persons reach that point when quite young, and others never reach it."

When goods would come to the house for the D's this watchful lower family interviewed the messengers, asking where they were bought, what they were and what they cost.

When Mr. D. left the house, traveling satchel in hand, some one of them darted after him and asked him where he was going.

He always made the same answer: "I haven't fully decided," and yet their vulgar curiosity was never checked. When a carriage called for him they asked the driver if he knew where Mr. D. was going.

Very nearly like this family in delicacy was the landlady of a boarding house where an acquaintance of mine, a lady, boarded. She wasn't extremely young, and yet she didn't consider herself even in sight of middle age. A friendly crowd had alighted on her face often enough to leave a track or two; but nobody thought of her as in the least elderly.

One morning at the breakfast table, while all the boarders silently ate their scorched pancakes, the landlady, ever anxious to increase her stock of information, called out: "Mrs. C., do the members of your family wrinkle early?" Mrs. C. looked up in astonishment, not thoroughly comprehending the remarkable question.

"Do they wrinkle early?" reiterated the persistent demon of inquisitiveness, "I see you have a good many wrinkles, yet I don't suppose you're so very old."

Even the horse car conductors become imbued with a yearning to know all about their passengers. An acquaintance of mine was in a business that shipped a great many small boxes. Sometimes an order would come in to be filled instantly. The shipping clerk would dispatch an assistant with it at once. Going so frequently on the same car line, carrying the same kind of a small box, the conductor's mind. One day he said to the clerk:

"What have you got in your box?"

"I don't know."

"Why, it's very strange if you have been carrying boxes like these for months and not know what's in them."

"It isn't my business to know what's in them. It's my business to carry them," said the clerk, who was English and knew nothing about anybody's business, save his own, and considered it a bore to be forced to know.

I would say that all Boston was so fearfully inquisitive. Indeed, it would have exploded from curiosity long since if it had been. But a certain stratum of its society is highly developed in this direction. Occasionally one comes in contact with a blue blood who has it as bad as any one.

MAX ELTON.

## PRENTICE MULFORD.

A Sketch of an Oddity in Letters and Character.

New York, June 21.—Prentice Mulford, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is one of the oddest and most interesting individualities among the people of the pen. Born and brought up in a little seafaring town on Long Island, he is thoroughly western in taste and character. Sixteen years of his life were passed in California mining, and striving for financial success in other difficult ways. It was there that he developed his talent for writing, which has since made him so well known to journalism.



He was over thirty years old before he even thought of writing or dreamed that he had either taste or ability in letters. While living in a withered little mining town in Tuolumne county, California, on a Sunday under a pine tree, he wrote his first article for a newspaper. It described the annual fall spree observed by the river miners on their dams being carried away by the autumn freshet. It brought strongly out the horrible consequences of getting over a spree. It was signed "Dogberry," and published by The Union Democrat.

The editor, not being deluged with able contributions as eastern editors are suspected of being, wrote on for more of the same kind of literature. Mr. Mulford obligingly complied, and for two years continued to furnish articles to The Democrat, which kept all that section of the state in a roar. He gained a local reputation, and was made a candidate for the legislature, but didn't reach it. Col. Joseph Lawrence, editor of The Golden Era, of San Francisco, noticed these articles, and, being one of those infrequent souls who have a talent for recognizing talent, was struck by the originality and charm of this unknown writer's work, and wrote him, offering him an editorial position on his paper.

Mr. Mulford accepted, left off pursuing the gold hunter's phantom at once and forever, and was soon the most famous newspaper man on the Pacific coast. His humor was so fresh and novel that it pervaded the country in extracts from his sketches and letters. It was not of the broad, presumptuous variety, which challenges the reader to "look out for something funny" in the next paragraph. It was delicate, and sprung up spontaneously in matter not heralded as humorous.

It was on The Golden Era that Bret Harte began his literary career. He was a typesetter in the office, and occasionally sent anonymous contributions down stairs. Col. Lawrence ferreted him out and put the pen in his hand.

Most persons were astonished when they met Mr. Mulford. Instead of the dashing assertive young fellow they had pictured, they found a man of rather grave presence, modest in manner to the point of timidity. He talks exceedingly well, though only when pushed forward by those who know his gifts as a conversationalist. His naturally retiring disposition prevents him from ever taking the lead voluntarily.

A lady of ability and prominence who has known Prentice Mulford many years said of him: "He is the modestest and most conscientious man I ever knew, as well as the most able intellectually."

He has traveled much both in this country and abroad. He made a tour of the French provinces on foot, because he wanted to study the life of the common people. His letters descriptive of this trip were of extraordinary interest, and were largely copied. They told exactly what other letters did not tell.

Many men think they love nature, and talk and write glowingly about its joys and beauties; but Prentice Mulford is the only person I ever knew who loves nature well enough to see its face but hers for weeks and months. In California he often prospected for weeks at a time, with no companion save a mule, and while in newspaper work in this city he was in the habit of breaking away from the trammels of a too oppressive civilization, and going into complete solitude in some house of his own hasty built in the forest, there to stay till he "got better acquainted with himself," as he said. While in retreat he always does no end of writing, and still more thinking. Philosophical and metaphysical, he thinks out problems in mental science while away from the attraction of cities. "What shall minister to a mind diseased?" he considers the greatest question ever propounded, and he worked upon it two years before he found a satisfactory solution. Then he evolved some theories on the management of the mind which were equivalent to a practical system of phrenopathy, or mental cure. He believes that the mind is the only life of the body, and the only real and enduring thing in nature.

Mr. Mulford is a firm believer in a life after death and in pre-existence. He is a spiritualist of a very high order, and is himself a sensitive. He has been called a sentimentalist in his love of nature. He sees, yes, feels the soul of all material things. He is, in spirit, related to the Indians, loving the solitude of forest and mountain, and finding more joy in floating over the waters of New York bay in a little boat, than in all the fine society of the metropolis. Yet, when he does mix with people, he can be as companionable as any knight that ever ate in princely hall with ladies, and can make as brilliant an after-dinner speech as Beecher.

Mr. Mulford spends his winters in Boston recently, and a part of every summer in New York. Usually he goes up the Hudson and rents some little fisherman's cottage, and does up his year's thinking in solitude, coming down to the city to spend his Sundays. Recently he has been devoting his time to metaphysical writing almost exclusively. As a lecturer he has much ability, and really prefers the platform to the pen. He is a charming story writer. One of his recent stories, "The Bank of California," a serial of mining life, was widely published by the newspaper press and greatly praised. He was ten years on the editorial staff of The Graphic, of this city. While there he invented and prepared the feature known as "The History of a Day," which for a time was so noticeably excellent. As a condenser Mr. Mulford has no equal. He can pack more matter into fewer lines, when he chooses to do so, than any other writer known to the American press.

He is of medium height, is rather on the Auburn plan as to hair, has a complexion bronzed by the sun—he believes in the sun—and one deep brown and one grayish brown eye. He is boyish in figure, though getting on toward what is called middle age, a fact that doesn't trouble him in the least, as he has theories on the subject of old age, or rather on the subject of doing away with it altogether. Youth is a matter of the spirit, he thinks. Old age need never be encountered if human beings will not invite it, and he carries out his theories, himself, which is more than can be said of most philosophers.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

## Northern and Southern Names of Battles.

From General D. H. Hill's paper in the May Century. "The Battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro," we quote as follows: "The conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North, and the battle of Boonsboro at the South. So many battle-fields of the Civil War bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns, and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural object near the scene of the conflict and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country, and were therefore impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the handiwork of man. Thus, the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North—the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas, from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the Federals, and the battle of Leesburg with the Confederates. The battle called by General Grant Pittsburg Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh, after a church, by his antagonist. Rosecrans called his first great fight with Bragg the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murrefreesboro, a village. So McClellan's battle of the Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge, of the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after South Mountain from the little stream, Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces. According to the same law of the unusual, the war songs of a people have always been written by non-combatants. The bards who followed the banners of the feudal lords, sang of their exploits, and stimulated them and their retainers to deeds of high enterprise, wore no armor and carried no swords. So, too, the impassioned orators in 1776 with the thrilling cry, 'Liberty or Death,' never once put themselves in the way of a death by lead or steel, by musket-ball or bayonet stab. The noisy speakers of 1861, who fired the Northern heart and who fired the Southern heart, never did any other kind of firing. One of the most prominent of them frankly admitted that he preferred a horizontal to a vertical death."

## Instantaneous Photographs.

The friends were standing where the Catskill hills lay before them in echelon toward the river, the ridges lapping over each other and receding in the distance, a gradation of lines most artistically drawn; still further refined by shades of violet, which always have the effect upon the contemplative mind of either religious exaltation or the kindling of a sentiment which is in the young akin to the emotion of love. While the artist was making some memoranda of these outlines, and Mr. King was drawing I know not what auguries of hope from these purple heights, a young lady seated upon a rock near by—a young lady just stepping over the border-line of womanhood—had her eyes also fixed upon those dreamy distances, with that look we all know so well, betraying that shy expectancy of life which is unconfessed, that tendency to maidenly reverie which it were cruel to interpret literally. At the moment she is more interesting than the Catskills—the brown hair, the large eyes unconscious of anything but the most natural emotion, the shapely waist just beginning to respond to the call of the future—it is a pity that we shall never see her again, and that she has nothing whatever to do with our journey. She also will have her romance; fate will meet her in the way some day, and set her pure heart wildly beating, and she will know what those purple distances mean. Happiness, tragedy, anguish—who can tell what is in store for her? I cannot but feel profound sadness at meeting her in this casual way and never seeing her again. Who says that the world is not full of romance and pathos and regret as we go our daily way in it? You meet her at a railway station; there is the flutter of a veil, the gleam of a scarlet bird, the lifting of a pair of eyes—she is gone; she is entering a drawing-room, and stops a moment and turns away; she is looking from a window as you pass—it is only a glance out of eternity; she stands for a second upon a rock looking seaward; she passes you at the church door—is that all? It is discovered that instantaneous photographs can be taken. They are taken all the time; some of them are never developed, but I suppose these impressions are all there on the sensitive plate, and that the plate is permanently affected by the impressions. The pity of it is that the world is so full of these undeveloped knowledges of people worth knowing and friendships worth making.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for May.

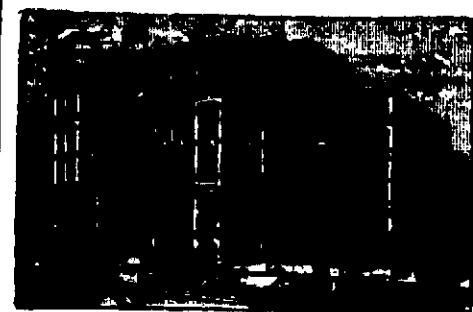
## The Work of a Wart.

That is a sad story which is told in our news columns. It is about a wart on a woman's cheek. Its removal by a surgical operation broke up a happy home and drove her husband distracted.

It was a wart of immense size and a disfigurement. The woman who owned it, and carried it about with her, and never dreamed of getting rid of it, knew that she was not attractive. She attended to her business and was the mistress of a happy home.

A cut with a knife skillfully handled, however, and the wart was gone, with no scar left. Then she looked into the glass and thought herself beautiful. Other people thought so too. She grew vain, she flirted, and now her husband says she has disappeared.

The moral is, warts are good things to have in the house.—N. Y. Herald.



## Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute

Organized with a full staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

## OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient. Come and see us or send ten cents in stamps for our "Invaluable Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Emissions, and all Nervous Disorders, caused by Venereal Syphilis and Perverse Solitary Practices are speedily and permanently cured by our Specialists. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps.

Rupture, or Hernia, radically cured without the knife, without truss, without pain, and without danger. Cures Guaranteed. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

PILE TUBERCLES and STRICTURES treated under guarantee to cure. Book sent for ten cents in stamps. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, 683 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to WOMEN at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

## DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

It is the result of this vast experience. It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and a Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness."

It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 683 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



## SICK-HEADACHE,

Chronic Headache, Vertigo, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervous Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. 25 cents a vial, by Druggists.



Five Gold and Two Silver Medals, awarded in 1885 at the Expositions of New Orleans and Louisville, and the International Exposition of London.

The superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has now been demonstrated by over five years' experience. It is more durable, more pliable, more comfortable, and never breaks.

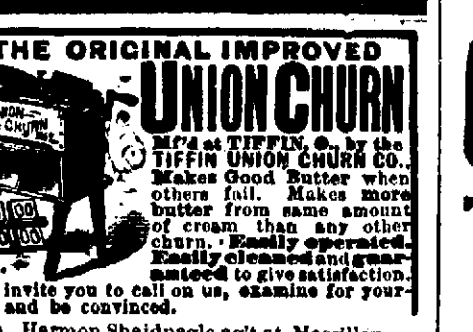
Avoid cheap imitations made of various kinds of rubber. None are genuine unless "DR. WARNER'S CORALINE" is printed on inside of steel cover.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS. WARNER BROTHERS, 353 Broadway, New York City

## Sharp Pains!

Backache, Crick, Rheumatism, Kidney Affections, Ears, Chest, or pain in any part, local or deep-seated, quickly go when a HOP PLASTER is applied. A powerful strengthener, and the best porous plaster ever known. Made from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops. Always handy for sudden pains and weaknesses. Magic in action. 25c. 5 for \$1.00, everywhere. Mailed for price, 5c. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

## Hop Plaster



We invite you to call on us, examine for yourself and be convinced. 48-50m Harmon Shaindagle ag't at Massillon.

## HEADACHE

Proceeds from TORPID LIVER AND IMPURITIES OF THE STOMACH. It can be invariably cured if you will



PURELY VEGETABLE.

Let all who suffer remember that Sick and Nervous Headaches can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their symptoms indicate the coming of an attack.

"Please send me a package of Simmons' Liver Regulator. I have suffered for five years with the sick headache and find it is the only thing that will give me relief. I freely recommend it for sick headache." Yours etc. WARREN J. ALSTON, Arkadelphia, Ark.

## BILLIOUSNESS

MAY BE PROPERLY TERMED AN AFFECTION OF THE LIVER AND CAN BE THOROUGHLY CURED BY THE GRAND REGULATOR OF THE LIVER AND BILLYARY ORGANS.

Simmons' Liver Regulator

Manufactured only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. Price \$1.00 at druggists. June 24-lyr

## Horse Shoeing Shop



THE UNDERSIGNED begs to call the attention of all persons desiring extra work done in the way of horse shoeing, a branch of mechanism to which he has devoted nearly twenty years exclusively. He makes

## Horse Shoes of Every Variety

Required by Diseased Feet. Horses with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush, Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

## Special Attention.

Also Over-Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Banging, and everything requiring

## Care and Skill in Shoeing

will receive careful and prompt attention.

## Trotting and Team Horses

will be shod in the best manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all instances. Shop, East side of Factory street, between Main and Charles streets, near the city buildings.

A. D. Volkmar.

## HARDWARE!

## S. A. Conrad & Co.

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

dealers in Foreign and Domestic

## HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selection of COACH TRIMMINGS.

SADDLERY,

CUTLERY

with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks,

Paints, Glass, Etc.,

## TANITE

## EMERYWHEELS.

COLUMBUS,

McCune, Lonniss, & Griswold.

CLEVELAND

York & Benton.

TOLEDO,

Bostwick, Braun & Co.

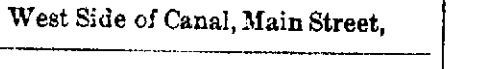
CINCINNATI,

T. & A. Pickering,

Woodrugh & McParlin.

## JOHN H. OGDEN,

UNDERTAKER.



West Side of Canal, Main Street,

## GRAEFENBERG'S PILLS

For Headache, Billiousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Mild but effective. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Three new dwelling houses and one vacation on West Tremont street.

The Newmarket house on South East street.

38-ly

## Groceries!

## Albright & Co's CASH STORE.

Largest and Handsomest, Most Complete and best kept stock of general

## Groceries, Provisions, Queensware

IN THE CITY.

## Attentive Salesmen

Always ready to supply your wants.

## PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN.

## WE HAVE EVERYTHING

All we ask is a trial.

## Fruits, Oysters, Etc.,

In their season. Call and see us.

## ALBRIGHT & CO'S.

25, EAST MAIN STREET.

Massillon, O.

## Cabinet Work.

## AMOS GIROD,

r a number of years past an employee of the late Peter Shauf, will continue the business as before, manufacturing

## Bank and Store Counters.

## Saloon and Bar Fixtures,

—AND—

## General Cabinet Work.

Also has control of the

## Shauf Dry Cold Air Refrigerator,

for Saloons, Groceries, Butchers and Private Use.

I would respectfully ask the public to give me a call, promising to give satisfaction in all work, and prices very low. Shop just back of North Street High School Building.

Yours truly, Amos Girod.

June 12-

## A. KELLER'S WEST SIDE

## LIVERY

—AND—

## SALE STABLES.

Cheapest and Best Turnouts in the City.

Horses in Good Order and all Good Roadsters. Fine Buggies, Easy Riding. Rigs delivered to all parts of the city at all hours.

A TRIAL ALWAYS SATISFIES. CALL AND SEE ME.</



**Massillon Independent.**

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT F. SKINNER. SAMUEL A. WEIRICH.  
PUBLISHED BY**SKINNER & WEIRICH,**  
Opera House Block,  
MASSILLON, OHIO.

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1886.

With this number the 24th volume of the INDEPENDENT begins. Looking back, over the past year, the changes and trials of Massillon's first paper, have been many. Edited by four different persons, and published under four administrations, its path has not been a pleasant one, but it now starts into its 24th year hopeful that its way may be easier, and its outcome more successful than any before.

To the Democratic party the people look for relief.—*Plain Dealer*.  
What an awful situation!

The problem which confronts the Massillon miners, is simply one of arithmetic, and its speedy solution is desired and needed by all.

PROF. ELL T. TAPPAN of Kenyon College is being urged for the office of State School Commissioner. Prof. Tappan is widely known, and his attainments abundantly qualify him for the position.

URBANA renewed a contract with its water company for ten years. It is to have 110 fire hydrants and is going to pay \$6,050 a year for them. At that rate Urbana would pay \$8,250 for 150 hydrants, for which Massillon will pay but \$6,600, or \$1,650 less. The dispatches to the papers from there say: "The feeling is that we have made an excellent contract."

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* has been wonderfully improved of late.—*Alliance Leader*.

This is an astonishing confession to come from a Democratic paper. The eulogistic utterance is probably caused by the active part the *Commercial Gazette* has taken to secure the ejection of Senator Payne, or maybe for the favor it has shown for the Dow law.

The meeting of Tuscarawas operators held at Akron did not turn out as expected by those who called it. The question of a reduction was not favored by a majority, hence the whole scheme fell through.—*Labor Tribune*.

For a paper that pretends to know all about these matters, the *Tribune* is woefully ignorant. Every point in the paragraph above is just the reverse of the reality. A week ago the *Tribune* said that no such meeting had been held.

LOUISIANA, Florida, Texas, California, New Mexico and Oregon were all admitted to the American union under Democratic administrations; and the probabilities are that Canada, Mexico and Central America will come into the union under Democratic rule. Then we will have what has long been the desire of the Democracy—an ocean-bound republic.—*Wyandotte Union*.

It must be confessed that the chances for Canada's joining the union are much brighter than Dakota's—under Democratic rule.

A NUMBER of prominent men have been trying to induce George W. Childs, the philanthropic Philadelphia journalist, to become a candidate for the Presidency. But the bee is not in Mr. Childs' bonnet and he presents his own view of it in these words: "This manifestation of your good will and great favor is very welcome to me, but you propose to do what should not be done, and what I cannot under any possible circumstances agree that you shall do."

It is fashionable to hit the reporters. How many of these same critics were willing to hear the public scrutinize their utterances as it does the work reported? Take him altogether, the reporter uses several hundred per cent. more discretion than the average individual whose ideas are less conspicuous, but none the less pronounced. People do not always appreciate the fact that a good deal of truthful reporting is repudiated for reasons which can be easily understood.

In the quiet times of peace, when nobody up North is looking, reputa-

ble newspapers like the New Orleans *Picayune* tacitly acknowledge the frauds so frequently charged. A paper of June 17 says:

"The *Picayune* proposes an 'Anti-ballot-box stuffing law' for this Legislature, to which we call the attention of the country delegates particularly. Some such measure we regard as essential to avoid revolutionary proceedings at the next election to enforce the will of the people of this city. We have no hope for a united support of the present city delegation, but ask the country members to aid in passing this law.

"We ask it in the name of justice and to avoid bloodshed in our future elections, because we feel confident our substantial people will not longer permit any such abuses as have been perpetrated or peacefully witness such outrages upon the elective franchise as were committed at the last election."

The card announcing Capt. Richard B. Crawford as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the Republican primaries, appeared for the first time last week and was no doubt read by all. The people of this county have so often solicited him to enter upon the race that to attempt to introduce him now, to the people of Stark county, would be almost ridiculous. No need to tell the people of this part of the State who Capt. Crawford is. Every man, woman and child within five miles of Massillon knows him, if for no other reason, because for five years he was our postmaster, and to his credit be it said we have had no better. Capt. Crawford's Republicanism is as old as he is, his integrity is a family possession, his merit is his own. Stark county could never be ashamed of Sheriff Crawford. After urgent requests he has at last consented to become a candidate, and believing that in him are to be found the necessary elements for success, the INDEPENDENT indorses his candidacy and looks for his ultimate election.

It seems probable that Canton will get the Deuber works. The spectacle of those who know, betting hats with those who think they know, has been witnessed and that settles it. As it will be much easier to compliment the town now if they do get the shops, than some time in the future, and, as, if they eventually fail, it will give us considerable more amusement, hearty congratulations are hereby extended to the dozen or so gentlemen, who, surrounded by apathetic thousands, secured a great enterprise for a city, with two express companies and only one railroad of consequence, against the competition of hundreds of other towns with ten times the advantages. As Massillon made no effort she cannot complain. The responsibility for this state of things rests largely upon a newspaper man of that city who prettily much lived with the Deuber representative while he was in the town. It will readily be believed that the patriotic minds who could make a poor Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* man say seriously, "All that Canton needs is a good system of sewerage," are capable of anything.

The United States Court, sitting at New Orleans, has made a decision in the case of the Bell Telephone Company against the National Improved Telephone Company, fully sustaining Prof. Bell's patents, and declaring that the telephone was never heard of or known until 1876, when it was patented by Bell. Their patents are therefore declared perfectly valid and Bell is pronounced "an honest man with clean hands." Thus ends another of the many companies that have tried to split the rock upon which the Bell company is founded.

**Secret Societies.**

The degree staff of the Sippo Lodge will work in the initiatory degree on Monday evening.

The Grand Orient will meet next Wednesday. There is plenty of work on hand as more than a dozen candidates will be initiated.

Clinton Lodge will meet Monday evening. There is business of great importance to be transacted.

The colored men of Massillon talk of organizing a lodge of Free Masons.

**In Memoriam.**

Died—Mrs. L. A. Teller, at the residence of Mrs. A. C. Wiles, Massillon O., Thursday, June 17, 1886.

I go sweet friends! yet think of me  
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers,  
For we have wandered far and free  
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go, but when you pause to hear  
From distant hills, the sobbing bell  
On Summer winds floats its sad cry,  
Think of me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,  
When cheerily smiles the ruddy blaze;  
For dear, sweet friends, in evening diths,  
To me, heart friends, in evening diths.

And oh! music's voice is heard  
To melt in strains of parting woe  
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,  
Think of me then—I go, I go.

Written by a Charity School boy who remembered her kindness 20 years ago.

**OUR MINERS.**

The Miners Fail to Arbitrate, But Pass Resolutions.—The Opinion of a Heavy Coal operator.

The miners of the Massillon district failed to comply with the request of the Massillon operators to meet them in this city on June 22 for arbitration, but instead held a delegate convention of their own, the result of which will be found below:

At the delegate convention of miners of the Massillon district held here June 22 the resolutions adopted at your Akron meeting were read and carefully considered. The following was the result of their deliberations:

Whereas, The miners and mine operators of this district having been a party to the agreement entered into at Columbus last February, which fixed mining rates based on Hocking prices for one year, and

Whereas, The justness of the relative differences in price was not then objected to, and recognizing that to interfere with present rates now would be to violate our mutual agreement, disturb and probably destroy the scale of prices mutually agreed upon by operators and miners of different States.

We feel that we cannot arbitrate, although believing in arbitration as a means of adjusting disputes, without first submitting the question to the National Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, composed of miners and mine operators, and into whose hands questions of the character was referred by the joint convention, therefore be it

Resolved, That we place the question of arbitration upon a reduction in our mining rates in the hands of President McBride and ask him to co-operate with our operators, and if mutually satisfactory, bring the question before either the State or National Board of Arbitration and Conciliation for adjustment.

[Signed] JOHN THOMAS, Pres't.  
B. R. Fogg, Secretary.

A prominent Massillon operator in a conversation on the matter, expressed the following views, which are probably similar to those held by the most of the dealers:

It is an evasion of the entire question. The National Board of Arbitration has nothing whatever to do with it. Operators of this valley never agreed to pay 15 cents difference for a year, but agreed that 60 cents a ton should be the minimum price in the State, local points to arbitrate on that basis. If the matter was settled all over the State for one year, why did the miners of the Mahoning valley, with their leaders, McBride and Hysel, spend over a month in holding meetings, threatening and coaxing the Mahoning operators to arbitrate for an advance—price in that valley now being only 55 cents? And why did the Coshocton miners and operators arbitrate the question and accept a reduction of 10 cents per ton? It is evident to all, miners and the community at large, that the leaders are determined to ruin the coal business of this valley in the future as has been done in the past, miners half starving, and the operators have to sit down and see their property going to ruin, thereby entailing loss on the community at large.

**An Appointment of Interest to Massillonians.**

Charles Bill, clerk of the United States District Court for northern district, western division of Ohio, whose misdirected letter got him into serious trouble with the government, resigned his official position to-day and his resignation was immediately accepted by Judge Welker, who appointed as his successor A. J. Ricks, who is also clerk of Circuit Court. The resignation was handed in at the request of Judge Welker, who, Mr. Bill claimed, instructed him to string out the journal and stuck to it when brought face to face with the Judge's denial. Clerk Ricks at once entered into bonds of \$15,000 for the performance of his duty. Miss Hallie Brown was appointed deputy for Toledo and O. C. Beatty for Cleveland.

By the appointment of Circuit Clerk Ricks \$1 per diem is saved, as when both officers are vested in one person he cannot draw the per diem for both courts.—*Plain Dealer*.

We have understood that John McBride has been trying to effect a fusion of Democrats, Greenbackers, Prohibitionists, Miners, Knights of Labor, Belva Lockwoods, etc. But as to how it will "pan out," remains to be seen. John can stand this amalgamation, if his constituents can.—*Carroll Free Press*.

**FOR SALE.**

9,000 Acres of Fine Timber Land at the low price of  
**\$5.00 PER ACRE!**

Situated in Trigg County, Ky., near the Ohio River and between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, which are navigable the entire year. The timber is all hard wood of the best quality, with a good market. The land lies well and is rich and productive, with a good farm open and an A No. 1 Iron Furnace with complete machinery, &c., which I will sell as a whole or in smaller tracts, or will entertain business propositions for iron furnace, lumber business or stock raising.

**C. BERINGER,**

No. 106 Fourth Avenue,  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

**For Sale.**

The undersigned desires to sell her premises, situated in the north part of the City of Massillon, consisting of ten and fifty one hundredths acres of land, on which there is a two-story brick house, in good repair, containing eight rooms, well, cistern, stable, orchard, and all modern improvements and facilities. Also on same premises on corner of Mill and Davis streets is situated a new two-story building, suitable for grocery store and dwelling. Any one desiring to purchase same will please call on the undersigned on the premises.  
1886 MRS. C. H. DAVIS.

**WATKINS BROS.****New Dress Goods,**

New Silks and Velvets,  
New Seersuckers and Gingham, New  
White Goods,

**EMBROIDERED ROBES,**

Embroideries and Laces, Muslins, Prints, Shirtings,  
Table Linens, Towels, Crashes, all at

**LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.**

Gloves, Hosiery, Notions,

**RIBBONS, UNDERWEAR,**

Ladies' Cuffs, Collars and Lace

**NECKWEAR.**

Bargains in Every Department.

and Inspect our Stock and  
you will be convinced  
that you

**Can Save Money**

By dealing with us.

**WATKINS BROS.,**

20 East Main St.

MASSILLON, O.

**MOUNT UNION COLLEGE.**

A good school to get a thorough Literary, Normal Business and Musical education. Building 20 minutes drive from Alliance Station, O. Telephone 77. Persons thinking of going away to schools should by all means send for our catalogue. Correspondence solicited. Address, PROF. JOSEPH L. STUCK, A. M., Secretary, Mt. Union, Stark county, Ohio. 42-1y\*

**Massillon Stone Quarry FOR SALE.**

Sixty acres good land 3 miles northwest of Massillon; good two-story framed house, with bank barn and other out-buildings; good water.

Apply to R. A. KITZMILLER, Office Ryder's Ins. Agency. 52-3t

**Notice of Appointment.**

Estate of Aloyse Wendling, deceased.  
The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Aloyse Wendling, late of Stark county, deceased.  
Dated this 5th day of June, A. D., 1886.  
51-3t GEORGE SCHEER.

**Legal Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Massillon, Ohio, did on the 12th day of June, A. D., 1886, file their petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Stark county, Ohio, praying for an order from said Court to sell a strip or tract of land thirty-five feet wide front and rear off the east side of that part of lot number one hundred and eighty-eight according to the original plat of the town of Massillon now used as a parsonage, and for an order to apply the proceeds thereof toward the erection of a new parsonage. Said petition will be for hearing at any time after four weeks from the first publication of this notice.

ADAM J. HUMBERGER,  
WM. MORRIS,  
T. CLARK MILLER,  
ELI B. LIEGHLEY,  
JOSEPH COHNS,  
SAMUEL C. BOWMAN,  
SILAS A. CONRAD,  
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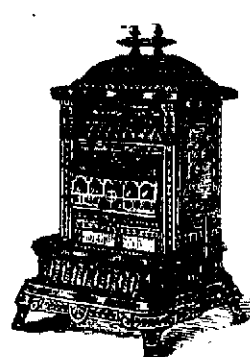
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**CONSUMPTION**



speeches no more. I shall drink that champagne no more. Piper see and leideck are strangers to me henceforth."



"I shall drink that champagne no more."

"In heaven, uncle," Mrs. Cronan suggested, piously, "there is finer champagne."

The old man shook his head doubtfully, as if he thought that could not be.

"And nearly every night, wasn't it?"

"Nearly every night, Maria. Always in evening dress, and wearing the magnificent jewels of the order. Always the mysterious ceremonies of the lodge, and the banquet after the work was done. The banquet—ah!" again he groaned, "with the champagne. Nearly every day of my life, for more than thirty years—except Sunday—the banquet and the champagne. In summer the country lodges; in winter London. What a life, Maria! What a career! And now it is over!"

Uncle Joseph, in fact, had been for something like thirty years the secretary of a very exalted institution in Masoury, much grander than grand lodge, in this capacity—for which he was fitted by a very extraordinary memory and as great a genius for ceremonial as if he had been grand chamberlain.

—he was constantly occupied in visiting lodges, and conducting the mysterious functions of the "higher" degrees, those of which the humble wearer of the blue apron have no knowledge, and the outer world no appreciation. He spent, as he proudly told his niece, nearly every night of his life in this work, and as the function in every right-minded lodge is always followed by a banquet, there was certainly no other man in the whole world, outside of royal circles, who had consumed such an enormous quantity of champagne and was possessed of a finer palate. But to all things there cometh an end. The secretary grew old. He began to find traveling wearisome; his memory began to fail him—it was whispered that he had once imported the secrets of a higher instead of a lower degree by mistake, a truly dreadful thing to do, and believed to have caused the earthquake in Java; things began to be said about slipshod conduct of the work; and finally, the council resolved that the time was come when he must resign. They gave him, however, a pension of £100 a year, which he brought to the Cronan household, where he came to lodge and to grumble.

His champagne was cut off—it was gone for good. He would never again—alas!—taste of that divine drink. No wonder that the old man went heavily and was always discontented. For he craved continually after champagne. He found some consolation in putting on his dress clothes every night, and in talking over the once splendid past he had a sympathetic listener in his niece, and he found gin and water a substitute for champagne—inadequate, it is true, but better than nothing.

"It has been a brilliant career, Maria," he said. "Few men—it has often been said in my own presence—have sat at more or at nobler banquets. I doubt if any man except a prince, and he must be a prince of seventy at least, has drunk more champagne than your poor uncle. Yet such a life has its drawbacks; you can't save money by eating and drinking; the more brilliant it is, the more champagne you drink; the less chance you've got of saving. You can't save champagne, and now, you see, nothing but the memory remains."

"Indeed, Uncle Joseph, we are all proud of you."

"And now I'm come down to a pension of a hundred a year and to gin-and-water. Give me another glass, Maria. Gin-and-water!"

"You must think of the banquets, uncle, and the great company you kept, uncle."

"The highest in the land," he replied, solemnly. "I have initiated and raised to the most sublime degrees royal princes and the nobles of the nobility, young and old. As for dukes, marquises, earls and barons they have been under my hands, meek and obedient, by the hundred. I've lost count of baronets, and knights I value not at all. Yes, Maria, it gives a man some satisfaction in his old age to feel he's done so much good and been so greatly honored. No doubt such a life bestows an air of distinction. I put it on with my evening dress. The jewels are up stairs. It would not be proper to adorn my breast with those splendid regalia outside a lodge. I can leave my jewels to your children, Maria, but not their distinction. That can't be left to anybody."

"It cannot, Uncle Joseph, no more than a smile."

"I've often thought, Maria," the old man continued, "that I should have liked one of your boys to take up the same line. But of course it is too much to expect of them. It is a gift. Such a man as myself can't be made. He is born, as they say of a poet. Either a young man has the genius or he has not. Lord! most masters, whether in the chair or past it, have got no more real knowledge of the ritual, whatever the degree, than they have of the Roman mass."

"Of course I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Cronan; "but I've always understood—"

"You can't understand, Maria. No woman can. It's beyond their intellects to understand such subtlety and such intricacy. More than a dozen different rituals—think of that! Every one complete and different, and all to be worked exact and word for word. All these rituals at my fingers' ends, without flaw or hitch, and me the man deputed to work them for instruction, for raising and advancing; and a separate dress for each, with its own jewels! The aprons and the scarfs are up stairs, with the jewels. But the rituals—they must be written, and there's no one anywhere who knows them like me. They've got a young man in my place. I trained him. But as for comparing him with me—well, I pity the young man! They will make comparisons, and—"

"Oh, good Lord!"

This unseasonable interruption was due to the doctor, who suddenly jumped up with this profane cry. He dropped back, however, and sat down again, gazing about him with a look of the blindest amazement. The start and the cry might have been forced from him by suddenly sitting on a pin, or by exasperation beyond endurance with Uncle Joseph's tedious prattle, or by some sharp internal pain, or by the recollection of some frightful omission or blunder. But that look of amazement—what did that mean?

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Cronan; "what has come to you, my dear?"

"Nothing," said the doctor. He picked up the paper which he had dropped, folded it very carefully, and placed it in his pocket—a thing which he had never been known to do in all his life before.

"There must be something the matter," his wife persisted. "Is it too much?"

"It is nothing," he repeated, "nothing of the least importance to us, or to anybody."

"Then it is something," said Norah, "and something that concerns you, at least, papa; and it is something that you read in the paper. Let me read the paper, too."

He made no reply, except to look about him with a bewildered look, as one who wonders what he is going to do next.

"If I am allowed to talk without being interrupted," said Uncle Joseph, irritably, "I was going to say, Maria—"

"Papa, let me see the paper," said Norah again.

"No, my dear, not to-night. I dare say you will hear soon enough."

"I was going to say, Maria—"

"Yes, Uncle Joseph. Your father will show me the paper to-night, Norah," said Mrs. Cronan, in a tone which implied that, as a wife, she meant to know the secret, whatever it was. "If there is anything in it which concerns you, of course I can tell it to you in the morning. Go on, Uncle Joseph."

"I was going to say, Maria, when these interruptions began, that there is something in noble blood which one remarks on the very first introduction. It is something—"

Here the door opened, and Uncle Joseph was a third time interrupted. He sat back in his chair and began to drum the table with his fingers, but only for a few moments, because the thing which followed was of such a surprising and startling character that for once he forgot his own reminiscences.

This late visitor was an elderly man with iron-gray hair, short of stature, and of thick build, but not fat; a man of hard face—hardness in his gray eyes, hardness in his firm-set mouth, hardness in his chin. As he stood in the doorway, Norah, who had her mind full of her novel, thought he looked like a landlord come to sell up everybody without pity. Nobody knew him better than herself, and her knowledge of him did not make that resemblance impossible. For Murridge was her employer; she was his private secretary.

"I don't know, doctor," said the visitor, "whether I ought to offer you my condolences over the death of your illustrious cousin, or my congratulations on your accession to his honors."

"I don't know, either—hang me if I do!" said the doctor.

"You have, I suppose, seen the evening paper?" The paragraph is in all of them. I wonder how these editors get hold of news so arrived this morning only."

"But my two cousins?"

"One of them died three years ago and the other three months ago."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, sinking into his chair.

"Papa," said Norah, "something has happened. I think you had better let me see the paper."

The doctor sighed, but he drew the thing out of his pocket and handed it to his daughter.

While she ran her eye down the columns nobody spoke. Mrs. Cronan held a needle in suspense at the very moment of action; Uncle Joseph ceased drumming; Mr. Murridge smiled superior as one who knows what is coming, and the doctor looked more miserable and foolish than at any previous situation in his whole life.

"I have found it!" cried Norah. "Listen, mother. Where is Daffodil? where is Calista? The children ought to be taken out of bed and brought down. Oh, here is news! Listen, everybody. Papa, is it possible? You knew it all before, and you told none of us not even me. Mother, didn't you know?"

"Your mother's grandfather, the elder man—"

Uncle Joseph began; but Norah interrupted, reading breathlessly:

"We have to announce the death of Hugh Hyacinth, Viscount Clonsilla, of the Irish peerage, which took place in the island of Madeira a fortnight ago. Lord Clonsilla was born in Dublin in the year 1810, and was therefore in his seventy-fifth year. He married, in 1830, Ursula, daughter of Sir Patrick McCrath, baronet, and had issue one son, who died unmarried in the year 1860. The late lord never took any active part in politics. The heir to the title is Hugh Hyacinth Cronan, Esq., M. D., the great-grandson of the first viscount and son of the late Hugh Hyacinth Cronan, formerly of the Irish civil service. Dr. Cronan has been for many years practicing as a physician in London."

"What does she mean?" asked Mrs. Cronan, helplessly.

"We are all viscounts and honorables. Oh, said Norah, "what will Hugh say? What will Calista say? Good gracious! It's like a dream!"

"Hyacinth, tell me this instant," cried Mrs. Cronan again, "what it means."

"It means, my lady," said Mr. Murridge, bowing low—though he was an old friend of the family, and had never bowed low before—"it means nothing less than that your noblehusband is the Right Honorable the Viscount Clonsilla of the Irish peerage. No! less, I assure you."

"A lord viscount!" said Uncle Joseph. "There was a viscount once—he was a Templar. Maria, there ought to be, on this occasion, a bottle of champagne."

"Nothing less," repeated Mr. Murridge. But no one heard him.

"A viscount! My grandfather was an alderman—and yet—Hyacinth, can't you speak? Why have I not been told?"

"It's duke, marquise, earl, viscount and baron, baronet and knight, unless you reckon the ranks of grand lodge and the Thirty-third," said Uncle Joseph. "Really, Maria, on such an occasion—"

"There was no use in telling you of a change which seemed so impossible," said the doctor.

"And I've been married to a nobleman's cousin for five-and-twenty years, and never knew it!"

"Only his second cousin once removed," said the doctor. "My dear, I told you the truth. My father was in the civil service, as I told you. His grandfather was the first Viscount Clonsilla, and the second Lord Clonsilla. When last I heard anything about it, Lord Clonsilla had a son, and a married brother, and a first cousin; all these stood between me and the title. Was it worth talking about? I had no money; I had never spoken to the viscount, or set eyes on him. Nor had my father before me. What was the good of my great relations?"

"Great relations are always good," said his wife. "If it hadn't been for the alderman, my grandfather, and my Uncle Joseph, where would have been the family pride?"

"At all events, my lady," said Mr. Murridge, "there is no doubt possible on the subject. The late lord's only son died twenty years ago unmarried. His brother, it is true, was married, but he had no children. And the first cousin, who was the heir presumptive, died three months ago, also without offspring—S. P., as we say in genealogies. Consequently, the next heir to the coronet and title is—your husband."

"Oh," cried Norah, throwing her arms about her father's neck, "I am so glad! You poor dear! You shan't go any longer slaving like a postman up and down the street all day; you shan't be waked up by a bell and made to go out in the middle of the night, as if you were a railway porter; you shan't any more make up your own medicines; you shall hand over all your patients to anybody who likes—give them to Hugh if you like. What will Hugh say when he finds out that I am the Honorable Norah—or are we the Ladies Calista and Norah?"

day; you shan't be waked up by a bell and made to go out in the middle of the night, as if you were a railway porter; you shan't any more make up your own medicines; you shall hand over all your patients to anybody who likes—give them to Hugh if you like. What will Hugh say when he finds out that I am the Honorable Norah—or are we the Ladies Calista and Norah?"



"You shan't go any longer slaving like a postman."

"The Lord knows," said the viscount, still looking helpless and bewildered.

"Well, I suppose Hugh won't mind much. Oh, and I suppose we shall go away from Camden Town and live at the West End—Notting Hill, even—Norah's knowledge of the west was limited—"and drive about in our own carriage, and go to theatres every night. Daffodil will give up the hospitals and go into the house—"

"Perhaps we shall all go into the house, Norah, my dear," said her father, grimly.

"Oh, you will go into the upper house. Of course, there's acres and acres of land in Ireland—dirty acres, the novels call them—"

Mr. Murridge coughed, and the doctor changed color—"and a country house. What is the name of our country house? Oh! I know it is a beautiful, grand old place, with a lake and swans, and a lovely garden, and the most wonderful glass houses, and a Scotch gardener. I haven't read Miss Bradon for nothing."

"There was a country house once. It was called Castle Clonsilla. But I believe it tumbled down years ago. The late lord never saw the place since they shot at his father and hit the priest."

"Well, then, there must be a grand old—old—venerable—ancient—romantic history of the house. You will tell us the family history. You are as soon as we settle down? All the men were knights without fear, and all the ladies were beautiful and without reproach."

"I will tell you at once. About 200 years ago there was an attorney in Dublin named Hyacinth Cronan—Creeping Joe they called him, so greatly was he admired. He made his son a barrister, and the barrister became a judge, and the judge was made, for certain political services, Lord Clonsilla—Crawling Joe, his friends called him, to distinguish him from his father. His son, for other eminent political services, was raised a step in the Irish peerage at the time of the union. That is all the family history, Norah; and I am hanged if I see much to be proud of when it is told."

"Not one of them," said Uncle Joseph, "so much as a provincial grand master."

"Oh! And no banquets? no ghosts? no white lady? Are you quite sure?" asked Norah.

"Not even so much as a family bogey, my dear."

"Well, then, there is a town house some where, I am sure. I hope it is in Ireland. I feel real Irish already. To-morrow I shall try 'The Wearing of the Green.' Where is our beautiful town house—Lady Clonsilla's town house, where she will live in the season with her daughters, the Ladies Calista, Norah, Honor and Kathleen?"

"There used to be one over in Dublin, but I suppose it's been sold long ago."

"Well, there's the money and the dirty acres," Norah persisted.

"I wish you good-night, Lady Clonsilla," said Mr. Murridge. "Once more, I congratulate you. Good-night, my Lord."

He bowed very low, much lower than he expected by viscounts as a rule, and retired.

"I was about to remark, Maria," said Uncle Joseph, "when we were interrupted by something of the air of rank in your husband."

"It was certain, to me, that he was of noble parentage, though he concealed the fact from friends who would have appreciated its importance."

"Yes; you never told me. Oh, Hyacinth!" said his wife, reproachfully. "It would have made us all so happy to think that you had such noble blood in your veins."

"My dear," he repeated, "I didn't know there was the least chance of the peerage. It's the most extraordinary thing that ever happened. And Maria, I am obliged to bring his chin, I believe, to the ground."

"Murdock about it to-morrow. But I assure I'll be beforehand. There never was a greater fool in all the world than your husband, Maria."

"Oh," cried Norah again, "you will look so beautiful in your coronet!"

"Shall I, my dear? wonder where it is. What is more to the point is, whether the late lord left any money, and if so, whether he left any to me. There certainly never could have been a greater fool than your father, child. Exact case is about the only one which can compare with it."

"Maria," said Uncle Joseph, "we will all move upward, immediately, to the highest society, and we will have a banquet, with champagne, every night. On all points of etiquette rely on me. There will be, of course, waiters in evening dress. It will be exactly like a banquet of a high degree, only that ladies will be present, and I shall not wear my jewels. Of course I shall sit on the right hand of the chairman and respond for the craft."

"Oh, Uncle Joseph!" murmured Lady Clonsilla, carried away by the splendor of his imagination.

"As for his lordship, I will take him in hand at once—"

"I have been the most almighty fool," said his lordship.

"An initiate him to the loftiest degrees. I'll let it with my own hand, and then he will be a credit and an honor to the illustrious peerage of his native country. I can't initiate you, Maria, nor the girls, because you are females, but the boys I can, and I will; and when they are Knights Templars, Mark Masters, Royal Archers and Thirty-second, they will not be ashamed to talk with any one, and will be fit to share in the very highest society like their great uncle."

He drank half his glass at a gulp, and went on rather thickly, pointing to the doctor: "Look at him, Maria! He is a nobleman all over. Blood in his veins and aristocracy upon his upper lip. Didn't I always say there was a something in your husband above his pills?"

"It can't be helped, Maria," said the viscount. "But I wish your husband had not been so great a fool!"

"Why, on the present occasion," Uncle Joseph went on, "an occasion which may never happen again in the history of the lodge—why, Maria—why is there no champagne? Thank you! I will take—yes—I will take another glass of gin and water."

[To be Continued.]

A HOLY CITY.

Strange Sights on the Banks of the Ganges at Benares.

The most remarkable part of the spectacle presented by the river face of Benares is its population, resident and immigrant. Throughout the length of this northern shore, where the flights of steps and the slopes of the temples come down to the Ganges, is seen all day long an immense crowd of devotees, of all ages, ranks, and raiments, and of both sexes, bathing in the sacred river or praying by its edge, or washing their robes of pilgrimage, or bringing their dead to be burned. Imagine what an artistic effect results from such a fringe of life and of color between the steep multi-colored background of the steps and temples and the shining waters of the stream. Throngs of brown-skinned men and women, of boys and girls, stand waist-deep along the bathing stations, whispering their supplications and pouring the holy liquid over neck and breast and loosened black hair. Groups of bright-clad women, led by their Brahman gurus, come joyously down the stairs from far-off towns and jungles, to lay their scarlet, saffron green, and rose-color saris aside with the ghast-keepers, and wash their innocent sins away in Gunga. Big umbrellas are everywhere erected in the sand or mud, inscribed with "Ram, Ram," and under them, shaded from the sun, family parties sit and chatter, or pray in silent accord, arrived, after immense marches, to be laved in and saved by Gunga. Sick people lie, wistful and wan, on charpoys, brought to her beneficent side, that they may hear the ripple of the "Great Mother," and feel the healing wind blow from her waves; while, at the foot of the burning Ghats, where the people who sell the "death-wood" are raking for white bones in the heaps of hot ashes, and piling up fuel and cow-dung for their next batch of funeral pyres, lie three still figures covered with white and red cloths, from which protrude only the fixed, cold feet, washed by the outer edge of the tide. These are the dead of to-day, happy—thrice happy—to have passed to the gate of Swarga, close to Gunga's good waves. Their friends sit near, well satisfied even amid their natural regrets; and, very soon, three blue curls of smoke wafted among the temple-roofs from three crackling fires upon the platform of the Ghat will tell where those votaries have finished their pilgrimage for once and all. Wonderful is the fervor of belief among these gentle, metaphysical Hindoo people. An orthodox British churchwoman will feel that she has done her duty if, when she visits a famous city, she goes twice to its ancient cathedral on Sunday. What would she think of these Indian wives and mothers bathing with such rejoicing confidence of salvation in a crowd under the Dasaswamedha Ghat? Some of them are "purdah women," who would never lay aside their veils and step outside the curtain except under protection of the sacred simplicity of pilgrimage. Some are old and feeble, weary with the long journey of life, emaciated by maladies, saddened from losses and trouble; and the morning air blows sharp, the river wave runs chilly. Yet there they stand, breast-deep in the cold river, with dripping cotton garments clinging to their thin or aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the water, and their lips blue and quivering, while they eagerly mutter their invocations. None of them hesitates; into Gunga they plunge on arrival, ill or well, robust or sickly, and ladle the holy liquid up with small, dark, trembling hands, repeating the sacred names, and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate and the beloved souls they plead for! I hope it is perhaps true, as I watch these devout and shivering women, that "all the prayers which are uttered come somehow to the ears of Keshar."—G. A. Sala, in London Telegraph.

Training Fleas.

A Flea Circus, composed of about two hundred of the most distinguished and intelligent fleas in the entire family, was exhibited a few years ago.

Who first discovered that the flea was susceptible to education and kind treatment is not known; but the fact remains that on their small heads there is a thinking-cap capable of accomplishing great results. In the selection of fleas for training, however, the same care must be taken as with human beings, as the greatest difference is found in them. Some are exceedingly apt scholars, while others can never learn, and so it is that great numbers of fleas are experimented with before a troupe is accepted.

One of the first lessons taught the flea, is to control its jumping powers, for if its great leaps should be taken in the middle of a performance, there would be a sudden ending to the circus. To insure against such a misfortune, the student flea is first placed in a glass phial, and encouraged to jump as much as possible. Every leap here made brings the polished head of the flea against the glass, hurting the insect back, and throwing it this way and that, until, after a long and sorry experience, and perhaps many head-aches, it makes up its mind never to unfold its legs suddenly again. When it has proved this by refusing to jump in the open air, the first and most important lesson is complete, and it joins the troupe, and is daily harnessed and trained, until, finally, it is pronounced ready to go on the stage or in the ring.

—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas for May.

What She Thought They Were.

"I see by the Chronicle Telegraph that automatic couplers are to be generally introduced," remarked Amy to the high school girl last night.

"Yes, I noticed that myself," replied Mildred.

"What are automatic couplers, Mildred?" was Amy's next question.

"I am not positive," was the reply, "but I infer that they are a sort of attachment to the new marriage license law, but I'll ask Augusta when he calls to-night."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**

Twenty-three years ago to-day the "Massillon Independent" was born. Massillon then had one railroad, a few small shops, and was as poor and small as the little six column folio that appeared on her streets. But then she had enterprising, live merchants who lifted her out of the rut and placed her where she stands to-day, a little city of whom we may well be proud. These merchants were advertisers, and an examination of old files shows that in the paper containing ONE column of local news, they paid for proportionately, twice as much space as do the business men of to-day in a paper of eight pages with from twelve to fifteen columns of local news, as they filled 11 columns in a paper having only 24.

In considering this there should be but one question, WERE THEY SUCCESSFUL? For the answer come and examine the musty old volume and determine for yourself.



**KITE FLYING EXTRAORDINARY.**

OVER ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL KITES and as many splendid Wall Banners to be given away by some of our enterprising and reliable merchants to the people who are fortunate enough to buy goods of them.

ONE OF THE GRANDEST PROJECTS OF THE AGE.

Something that will beautify our homes and furnish a delightful and harmless amusement for us all, young and old.

**SPRAGUE'S KITE BANNER**

Is one of the new creations of this inventive age. It is not only a beautiful ornament for decorating our homes, but it will sail way up in the sky, the wonder and delight of all. It comes folded, taking up but a small space and is easily spread out and quickly made into a handsome Wall Banner and a splendid kite weighing less than one ounce. Full directions will be given to all, and all will do well to preserve them, not forgetting that you can procure one of these ornamental kites only through trading with some of the following well-known and reliable dealers. They will not be given to children unless they are accompanied by their parents or have a written order from them and only to those who trade with the merchants who keep them. These precautions are taken in the interest of fair play and we advise all our readers to call on them, trade with them and they will be pleased to present you with one of these elegant souvenirs. Children ask your parents to trade with these reliable and enterprising merchants and get you a Kite Banner. They can and will! It costs cheaper than men who do not advertise because they sell more.

You can get the Kite Banner of the following well-known firms:—

BIRMINGHAM & BIRD, Grocers. SCHWORM & SUHR, Boots and Shoes. LIST BROTHERS, Butchers. W. F. RICKS, Dry Goods. M. A. BROWN & SON, Lumber Dealers. J. R. SCHLAGEL, Tobacco Store. N. H. WILLAMAN, Furniture Dealer.

**PILES! PILES!**

I wish to inform the citizens of Massillon and vicinity that I will be at the Hotel Conrad, (formerly Park Hotel),

Massillon, Thursday, June 17th, 1886,

And every fourth Thursday thereafter, for the purpose of treating rectal diseases with the

**Brinkerhoff System**

Of rectal treatment. I am prepared to warrant a

**POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE**

For EVERY CASE of PILES, no matter how bad or how long standing, and without

**PAIN, DANGER, OR LOSS OF TIME TO THE PATIENT.**

Can also cure Fisures, Fistulas, Pruritis, (commonly called Itching Piles), and Ulcers without the use of the knife. Ulceration of the rectum is the cause of a majority of all chronic diseases with which the human family is suffering. The Brinkerhoff System is the only one that has ever cured this malady without using the knife. Send for fifty-two page pamphlet describing above diseases and their treatment.

**Remember the Date. Examination Free.**

**DR. A. E. ELLIOTT,**  
LODI, OHIO.



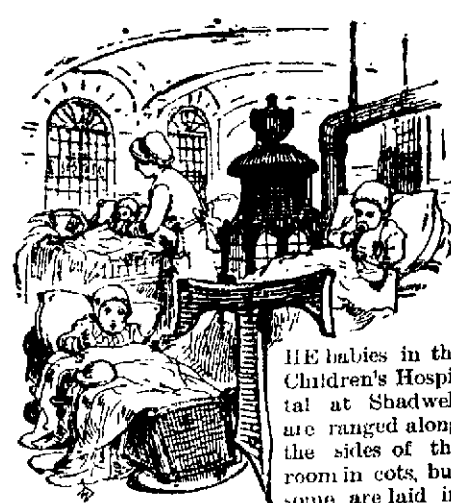
## "SELF OR BEARER."

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain's Room," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.



THE babies in the Children's Hospital at Shadwell are ranged along the sides of the room in cots, but some are laid in cradles before the open fireplace, and some are placed on top of the stove, like a French dish laid to stew in a Bain-Marie, and some have spray playing over their faces and some down their throats; some are sleeping, some are sucking the bottle, and some are lying broad awake, their grave eyes staring straight before them, as if nothing that goes on outside the crib has the least interest for a baby. Here and there sits a mother, her child in her lap; but there are not many mothers present, and about the ward all day and all night, in visits this room there happens a curious dimness to the eyes, with a choking at the throat, for thinking of the innocents suffering for the sins of their fathers and the ignorance of their mothers. Presently this feeling passes away, because one perceives that they do not suffer, and one remembers how good it must be for them to be in such a room, with pure air, neither too hot nor too cold, with the sister's careful hands to nurse them, and for the first time in their young lives a holy calm around them. To the elder children, in the ward above, the quiet, the gentle ways, the tender hands and the kindly words are full of lessons which they will never forget. Why not for the infants, too?

The sister in this ward wore a gray woolen dress with a white apron, which covered the whole front of her dress, a "bib apron," a white collar, and a white cap and no cuffs, because cuffs interfere with turning up the sleeves. She was young, but grave of face, with sweet, solemn eyes, and yet a quickly-moved mouth which looked as if it could laugh on small provocation, were it not that her occupation made laughing almost impossible, because babies have no sense of humor. Her name in the world was Calista Cronan, and she was the daughter of Dr. Hyacinth Cronan, of Camden Town. As for her age, she was twenty-two, and as for her figure, her stature, her beauty and her grace, that, dear reader, matters nothing to you, because she is the next thing to a nun, and we all know that a nun's charms must never be talked about.

It was a Sunday morning—a morning in early June—when outside there was a divine silence, and even the noisy highway of the Thames was almost quiet. The sister was loitering round the cribs in her ward, all the babies having been looked after, washed, put into clean things, and made comfortable for the morning. Two or three mothers—but not many, because there are household duties for the Sunday morning—were sitting with their own babies in their laps, a thing which did not interfere with Sister Calista's catholic and universal maternity. Everything in the ward was as it should be; the temperature exactly right, the ventilation perfect, the cases satisfactory. Presently the door opened and a young man came in. As he carried no hat and began to walk about the cribs and cradles as if they belonged to him, and as the sister went to meet him and talked earnestly with him over each baby, and as he had an air of business and duty, it is fair to suppose that this young gentleman was connected with the medical staff. He was, in fact, the resident medical officer, and his name was Hugh Aquila.

Mr. Hugh Aquila had passed through his hospital course and taken his medical degrees with as much credit as is possible for any young man of his age. Merely to belong to the profession should have been happiness enough for him, who had dreamed all his life of medical science as the one thing, of all things, worthy of man's intellect and ambition. There are, in fact, other things equally worthy, but as Hugh was going to be medicine doctor it was good for him to believe, while he was young, that there was nothing else. So the young learner believes that there is nothing to worship and follow but his kind of art; and the physician considers himself as the Professor of the One Thing Noble and Necessary—all in capitals. But the fates are unequal, and one man's cup brims over while another's is empty. To this fortunate young man love had been given as well as the profession which he desired, and a measure of success and reputation—the which so often is kept by fortune for consolation cup, and bestowed upon those who have lost the race and been overthrown—trampled on in the arena, and have got neither laurels nor praise, nor any wreath of victory, nor any golden apples. Yet this young fellow had actually and already obtained the gift of love—though he was as yet no more than five and twenty—in addition to his other gifts, graces, and prizes. Perhaps it does not seem a very great thing to be resident medical officer in a children's hospital. But if you happen to be a young man wholly devoted to your profession, and if you are already in good repute with your seniors, and if you have faith in yourself and a firm belief in your own powers, and if, further, you see great possibilities in the position for study and increase of knowledge, then you will understand that to be resident medical officer in the Children's Hospital at Shadwell may be a very great thing indeed.

When this resident medical had completed his round and finished the work which has every day to be begun again, he stood for a moment at a window looking out into the silent street below. It had been raining, and the pavements were wet, but the sun was bright again, and there were light clouds chasing across the sky. Within and without everything was very quiet.

Calista was, professionally, the universal sister. But Hugh was certainly not the universal brother. This singularity might have given rise to surmise and gossip in the ward, but for the fact that the babies took no more notice of it than if it had never occurred at all—it is a way with babies. The sister was plain sister to all the world, and therefore to Hugh Aquila she was sister as well; but with a difference, for to him she was sister with a small initial, because he had entered into a solemn undertaking and promise, with the sacrament of vows and kisses, to marry her sister after the manner of the world—Norah Cronan, at that time private secretary to Mr. Murrledge, of Finsbury circus. All mankind were Calista's brothers, and yet she called one of two of them by their Christian names. One of them was Hugh, her sister's fiancé, the other was a young gentleman who, at that moment, was actually entering the great doors of the hospital and making for the direction of the resident medical's private room.

Hugh Aquila, M. D., F. R. C. S., and L. R. C. P., was a strong, well-built young man, with big limbs and a large and capable head—a head which had been endowed with an ample cheek, a reasonable forehead, a firm mouth and chin, steady eyes set under clear-cut eyebrows, and a nose both broad, straight and long. This is rather an unusual nose. The nose which is broad and short is the humorous nose, but it generally argues a want of dignity; that which is narrow and long may belong to a most dignified person, but he is too often unsympathetic; that which is both short and narrow shows a lack of everything desirable in man. Since Hugh Aquila's nose was both broad and long, he could laugh and cry over other people's accidents and misfortunes—that is to say, he had sympathy, which is almost as valuable a quality for a young doctor as for a novelist. Such a young man, one is sure, at the very outset, will certainly make a good fight, and win a place somewhere well to the front, if not in the very front and foremost rank; it is not granted to every man to become commander-in-chief; there are a great many men, very good men indeed, who miss that supremacy, yet leave behind them a good record for courage, perseverance and tenacity. Happy is the woman who is loved by such a man!

To add one more detail, Hugh had big, strong hands, but his fingers were delicate as well as strong. This was, perhaps, because he was skilled in anatomy, and already a sure hand in operations.

"Oh, Hugh," said the sister—it had been Mr. Aquila until a day or two before this—"Oh, Hugh, I have had no opportunity before of telling you how glad and happy I am for Norah's sake."

"Thank you, Calista," he replied, simply, taking her hand; "everybody is very kind to me, and it is so much the better that we spoke and settled matters before this wonderful succession."

"Yes, I think it is. Though the succession ought not to make any difference. Tell me, Hugh, is it long since you began to think of it?"

"I have been here for nearly twelve months; I had been here a week when first I saw Norah in this ward. I began to think of it, as you say—that is, to think of her then and there—my beautiful Norah. She is like you, Calista, and yet unlike. She is as good as you are, but in another way. She belongs to the world, and you—"

"Yes; in the evening I found time for Camden Town, and had supper with her ladyship."

Strange to say they both smiled, and then their faces broadened, and they laughed. Did you ever see a sister in a hospital laugh? She smiles often. She smiles when the patients thank her and kiss her hand; when they get lightheaded and talk nonsense; when they grumble and groan; when they go good, and promise to remain patient and steadfast, clothed in the armor of righteousness; or when they go away cured and strong again, and effusive in thanks; or when they come back again for the tenth time, for there are some known in hospital wards who spend as much of their lives as they possibly can in these comfortable places. But no one ever saw a sister laugh except Hugh; and the effect on the ward was incongruous, as if a cardinal should dance a hornpipe or a bishop perform a breakdown. Some of the babies felt it like a note of harmony, and began the preliminary cough which, as every pere de famille remembers, heralds the midnight bawl and the promenade about the bedroom. Calista, perhaps, received the cough as a warning; the laugh did not occur again, and, besides, to so sweet a sister everything must be allowed. Therefore the cough preliminary was not repeated, and none of the babies really began to cry.

"His lordship was present," Hugh repeated. "We had a pipe together. He sat in his robes and his coronet of course, which became him extremely—especially when he has the pipe in his mouth. Yet I doubt if he is happier. His face expressed some anxiety, as if he was uncertain about his feet in those dizzy heights, and would like to come down again and be a commoner once more. Perhaps he thinks that when beheading begins again, viscounts will have an early turn."

"Poor dear father!"

fore; the medicines are still made up by his lordship's illustrious fingers; and he remains what the people unfeelingly call a common walker. Not even a carriage with a coronet upon it."

"Oh, it seems too absurd if that is all that is to come of it."

"Her ladyship wore her court dress—the black silk one—you know it."

"I know it. But, Hugh, don't laugh. It is a very trying thing for her."

"I am not laughing at her, Calista. She informed me after supper that differences of rank must be respected, and that all matrimonial engagements made before the succession would have to be reconsidered."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"Uncle Joseph chimed in here. I suppose it was he who started the theory—dear old man! He said that of course his lordship's daughters were now entitled to look forward to the most desirable alliances possible; they would marry naturally in their own rank, which has so long been kept concealed from them. Right minded young men, he went on, would not require to be reminded of a thing so obvious. He is, indeed, a delightful old man."

"What did Norah say?"

"She looked at her father, who laughed. As for me, I made a little speech. I said that Norah and I were above all things desirous of pleasing our parents—which is quite true, isn't it? so long as our parents are reasonable and try to please us. But marriage is a thing, I added, which is so curiously personal in its nature that the most filial sons and daughters are bound to consider themselves first. Therefore, I said that Norah and I intended to continue our engagement, and to complete it as soon as we possibly could, even if we had to trample on all the distinctions of rank."

Calista sighed. "I wish this dreadful title had never come."

"So do I. A white elephant would have been much more useful. One might at least kill him and dissect him, and put his bones together in the back garden. I should like to have a white elephant. But what can be done with a peerage when the income remains the same, and you have got to go on dispensing your own medicines?"

"But is there nothing at all? It must be an extraordinary peerage."

"There is nothing, your father tells me."

"Then I am sure the best thing to do will be to make no difference at all, and to go on as if nothing had happened. What does Daffodil say?"

"He takes it pleasantly, after his manner, and laughs at it. In fact, no one would take it seriously if it were not for Uncle Joseph, who has got a fixed idea, which he has communicated to your mother, that every title is accompanied by a princely fortune. It appears that at the hospital there is some excitement over the event. They haven't had an honorable at the hospital for a long time, and they naturally desire to make much of the title. So they have raised his rank, and he is now Baron Daffodil, Viscount Daffodil, and even Earl Daffodil, and while we were taking our cold mutton and pickles a post card came for him addressed to the Right Honorable and Right Reverend His Grace the Duke Daffodil."

"And what does your mother say, Hugh?"

"She says everything that is kind, and something that is surprising."

And then the young man began talking about himself, and of the time, not far distant, when he would buy a practice and set up for himself, and start that partnership with Norah, and combine the serious work of a physician with jorumaking, which should be as blackberry jam to dry bread, or Sover's snuff to cold mutton, and should turn the gloomy doctor's house—presumably in Old Burlington street or Saville row—into a palace of enchantment.

Calista was a good listener, and she heard it all with answering smile and sympathetic eyes, and the young man, in his selfish happiness, accepted her sympathy and interest in his fortunes as if they were things due to him. Everybody used Calista in this fashion.

But the babies, watching their long talk, grew suspicious. They were neglected. This young gentleman, whom they knew because twice every day he bent over their cribs, was not a baby. Why did the sister waste her time upon him? So great and so widespread was the uneasiness, that they first began with the cough preliminary already alluded to, and then with one accord burst into that wailing which was familiar to Virgil from his acquaintance with the hospital near the Porta Navalis.

It was just what you would expect of a man that, at such a juncture, should meanly run away, and leave the babies to be wrestled with by the sister. This is what Hugh did.

He went to his private room, a snuggerly whither the babies could not follow him, and where he proposed to spend the short remainder of the morning in an easy chair, with a book in his hand to assist meditation on the virtues and graces of a certain young lady. He did not immediately carry out this intention, because there was a visitor occupying the one easy chair in the room.

"Why, Dick?" said Hugh. "I did not expect to see you here to-day."

The visitor was a young man about his own age. When Hugh opened the door, he was sitting with his head bent and his face set in deep gloom. But he hastened to put on a smile—rather a weak and a watery smile.

"I had nothing to do this morning, and so I took the omnibus to the Bank and walked over."

"Are you come to congratulate me, Dick?"

"No, I'm not. Daff told me about the engagement. I suppose you know you've cut me out! Did she tell you how she'd refused me?"

"No. I have not talked about previous aspirants."

"Yes; I asked her to marry me. Half a dozen times I asked, and she refused—that's all. Well, I'll congratulate you if you like. But I ought to have been told by some of them that you were in the field. I don't like being kept in the dark."

primitive and primeval manner of laughing, namely, when anybody suffered some grievous misfortune, or when he was able to say a very disagreeable thing; his chin was square and hard. He was dressed quietly, even for his age, with almost ostentatious quietness, in a frock coat buttoned closely, dark trousers and tall hat. There was about him something which proclaimed contempt of misadversities.

"You are such a staid and serious character," continued the resident, "that it can't be drink and late hours. Got no pain anywhere, have you? Is it some worry?"

"What should I be worried about, I should like to know?" he replied, almost savagely.

"Can't say, Dick. Shortness of temper, perhaps. It is like shortness of breath, difficult to cure, but it can be alleviated. Are you going to stay and have some early dinner with me?"

"No; I must go home. My father expects me at half-past one. Sunday dinner at home is as cheerful as a meal in a sepulchre among the bones. But I must go. How does Norah like the grand succession and the family honors?"

"Oh, it will not make the least difference to us."

"There isn't any money with the title, I hear; but it ought to help a man in your profession for his wife to have a handle to her name, even if it is only an honorable. I'd make it help me, I know; if I was a physician, I'd get money out of it somehow. It's the only thing in the world worth getting or having. Title! What's a title worth an income? But if I had the title I'd soon get the income."

"I believe you would, Dick," Hugh replied, quietly.

These two young men had been at school together. Of the old school days there remained the use of the Christian name. When they were quite young they may have had the same thoughts and the like ambitions. But their paths from the beginning diverged, and now they were so wide apart that they looked in opposite directions; one to the sunny south and one to the bleak north. One looked downward and the other upward. One saw a bright and sunny picture, with wonderful and unvarying effects of light and color, and the other saw only a gray and fog-laden landscape, with a bit of lurid sky; one saw men and women noble, erect and god-like; the other saw men and women creeping, sneaking, backbiting, flinging and treacherous. One longed to give, and the other only lived that he might receive.

Hugh thought he had never seen his former friend more morose and grumpy.

This dark and gloomy creature, to want his bright and clever Norah! His cheek flamed at the very thought.

"They stood in silence for a while, each expecting that the other would say something. Then Dick asked if Calista was in her ward, and learning that he would find her there he went away."

"There is something," said the young doctor, "not quite right with Dick. He can't have taken to drink. Yet there was a look as of drink—unsteadiness in his hands and eyes, no purpose in his movements, want of will in his manner. There is something very queer about Dick Murrledge."

"The young doctor drew two letters from his pocket and fell to reading them. That is to say, he read them eagerly and yet slowly, as if he wanted to read every word. No body shall know what was in the first letter, except that it was signed 'Norah,' with some very sweet words preceding the signature. He sat with this letter in his hands for a while, meditating on the charms and graces of the writer. Then he put it back into his pocketbook, and read the other letter, which was from his mother."

"My dearest son," she said, "I am quite ready to believe that your mistress is everything that you believe her to be, as good, and as sweet, and as beautiful. I pray that you may have as good a wife as you deserve, and that is saying a great deal. Will you please give Norah my love, and tell her I am looking forward with the greatest eagerness to seeing her and getting to know her. As regards your plan and manner of living, I quite approve of your ambition to become a successful physician. It is fortunate that you are the son of a successful singer, my dear boy. You will find no difficulty in making the attempt. As for my money, it was made for you, and is all your own, if you want it all. There is, however, a great surprise for me in your letter, apart from the news of your engagement, which ought not to be a surprise to a mother. It is the surname and the Christian name of your fiancée. Is she one of the Clousilla Cronans? In that case her Christian name is easily accounted for. There should be also a Calista in the family, and her father's Christian name should be Hyacinth. They should also be poor, which I suppose is the case with them, because you tell me her father is a general practitioner in Camden Town. Tell me, when you write next, about their family, which concerns you in a very strange manner. But of this I will tell you when we meet. I hope to see you—and Norah—next month. But do not forget to answer this question—Is her father's Christian name Hyacinth? Your affectionate

"MOTHER."

"Well, his name is certainly Hyacinth; and there is a Calista in the family. And they are the Clousilla Cronans. I wonder what the matter means! After all, she will tell me in her own time."

He laid his head back, and closed his eyes. He had been up half the night with a bad case, and he fell asleep instantaneously, and slept till they brought him his early dinner.

There certainly was something very queer with the other young man, and he was going to Calista in order to tell her so. He had been accustomed for a great many years to make Calista that kind of half-confidant which shares all the woes, hears nothing of their cause, and is forgotten when things run smoothly. Persons like Calista always have plenty of friends, who make use of their sympathies when trouble has to be faced.

"Calista," he said, dropping into a chair, "I wish I was dead!"

"Do you, Dick? You said the same thing about two months ago, when I saw you last, yet I heard afterwards that you were cheerful!"

"I wish I was dead now, then."

"What has happened? What is the matter?"

"I didn't say anything had happened, I said 'I wish I was dead.'"

"Is that all you have come to tell me?"

"Not quite. I've come to tell you—Oh, Calista, I'm the most miserable, unlucky beggar in the world!"

"What is it, Dick? Have you done anything foolish?"

"I've—I've—"

He stopped, because he caught Calista's clear eyes gazing steadily in his, and it seemed as if he changed his purpose. "I didn't know," he said, in confusion, "that it would really happen until this morning. Now I find it must."

"What will happen?"

"You will remember my words when it comes off—will you? I came to warn you."

"Well, Dick, if anything is to happen, and I am not to know what it is, I see no use in warning me."

"I warn you because I want you to understand that it is all her own fault."

"Whose own fault?"

"Whose should it be but Norah's? I'm talking about her, ain't I? Very well, then. Let her understand that it is her own fault."

"What has Norah done?"

"She's deceived me. That's what she's done. I've offered myself a dozen times and she has refused me. Told me there was nobody else that she cared for; said she didn't want to get married; said that last week; and then I hear she's engaged."

"Very well. You are not going to take revenge upon her, are you, Dick? That would be mean, indeed."

"Not revenge. It isn't revenge. And yet it's all her own fault, whatever happens."

"You are very mysterious this morning, Dick, and very gloomy. Well, if you have nothing more to say, had you not better be getting back home? It is twelve o'clock already."

"You can tell her if anything happens," he repeated, "that you knew all along it was coming, and that it is all her own fault."

"Go, Dick. You are worse than gloomy this morning. You are wicked. I will listen to you no longer."

He turned and flung himself from the room. I use the word which would have pleased him most, because he desired to fling himself. "The people who fling themselves from a room are the same who curl their lips as well as their locks, and knit a brow as easily as a stocking, and flash flames from their eyes as well as from a lucifer match. But good flinging requires a narrow stage, or, at least, close proximity to the door. At the Adelphi, before the villain flings, it may be observed that he carefully edges up close to the door. Now, the ward was a long room, and Dick's fling became, before he reached the doorhandle, an ignoble stride, which was rendered only partially efficient by his banging the door after him so that all the babies jumped."



"It's all her own fault, whatever happens."

"Something," said Calista, in the same words as those of the resident medical, "something is certainly wrong with Dick. And he is trying to set himself right by laying the blame on Norah. What can it be? And what can he mean by his vague threats?"

She tried to dismiss the subject from her mind. A man does not try to injure a girl because she has refused him. Yet she was uneasy; and in the afternoon, when Norah came to the hospital, and Hugh made love to her before Calista's eyes, Dick's gloomy words kept repeating themselves in her brain.

"It is all her fault, whatever happens."

### CHAPTER II.

#### HIS LORDSHIP'S TOWN HOUSE.

The residence of Hyacinth Cronan, M.D., L.R.C.P., general practitioner, was in Camden street, Camden Town. His surgery, his consulting room, and his red lamp were also attached to the same house, where patients not only received advice, but saw their medicines mixed before their eyes, and might also, if they wished, have their teeth drawn. Probably—it is not safe to make the statement with greater confidence—no practitioner in Camden Town had a larger practice; very few of his brethren, except among the youngest men—those just starting—made a smaller income. No man in the parish, except the postman, walked a greater number of miles every day, nor did any body, except the tram car conductor—and even he gets every other Sunday off, which the doctor does not—work for longer hours.

There were, in Dr. Cronan's case, the usual compensations; though the income was small the family was large; there were plenty of wants to exhaust the scanty means; though the leaves were few the mouths were many. This is, as has often been remarked, one of Dame Nature's playful ways. She substitutes for the things which are missing those which are superfluous or least prayed for; she adds to the things which are already possessed others which may deprive them of their value. Thus, on him who has the greatest good fortune, luck and worldly happiness, she bestows an asthma which deprives him of the power of enjoying anything at all, and when a poor man has succeeded with infinite trouble and self-denial in saving a little money, she sends him an illness or a misfortune which gobbles up his little all; to the rich man she denies an heir, and to the poor man, who has nothing to leave, she showers heirs and heiresses. However, Dame Nature means well, and we are but poor blind mortals, and, doubtless, know not what is best for us. On this principle of playfulness Nature had enriched Dr. Hyacinth Cronan with ten children, of whom Calista, the eldest, now in her twenty-second year, was, as we have seen, a sister at the Children's Hospital. The second, named Hyacinth, after his father, was at University College Hospital, on the point of completing his student-time. After Hyacinth came Norah, private secretary to a genealogist, recently engaged to Hugh Aquila. Then followed Patrick, who followed the sea, and was a midshipman, or fourth officer, as I think, it is now called, on board a P. O. boat in Indian waters. After Patrick followed those who were still at school—Alberic, Terence, Geraldine, Larry, Honor and Kathleen.

It will be understood from these names that Dr. Cronan was of Irish extraction. He was born in Dublin, and he still pronounced it Doblin—and he graduated at Trinity college, and such relations as he had were understood by his wife, who never saw any of them, to be still resident in the dreary, dreary country, where Irish people are fond of talking about their families. Dr. Cronan, however, hardly ever mentioned his people. Yet he gave all his children Christian names more common in Ireland than on this side of the channel. When a man is taciturn on the subject of his origin there is generally a presumption that it is not such a pleasant subject to him. On the mother's side, however, to make up—Nature's way again—the children could boast of the most honorable connections. Their

grandfather had been an alderman. More important still, he had made money at his trade of chronometer maker. He rose to be an alderman, and was warden of his company, and in both capacities dined in his time quantities of turtle soup every year. It was entirely through his virtuous self-denial that Mrs. Cronan, his daughter, whom he did not live to see, was possessed of a substantial income—no less than two hundred pounds a year. What the ten children would have done without that two hundred a year one cannot even think. What became of all the rest of the alderman's money I know not. Some of the grandchildren had, no doubt, run through their portions, and were gone abroad; some were clerks; some had shops; some were professional men; not one, I am sure, was imitating the great example of his grandfather, and saving money for those of the twentieth century to spend.

One evening in June, about half-past nine o'clock, while it is still almost light enough to read without a lamp, Dr. Cronan sat by the empty fireplace in the family dining room, surrounded by his family. It was not every evening that he could thus sit at his ease, in slippers, with a pipe between his lips, and the "materials" on the table. The room was called the dining room, but it was used as the family sitting room, work room, study, and anything else. They lived in it, they received their visitors in it, and they took their meals in it. The window was open, for it was actually a warm evening, though only at the beginning of June; the gas was lit, and if the room was rather crowded it had a happy look, as if the family were, on the whole, good-tempered. Among those family possessions which the visitor at once involuntarily recognizes, even before he has had time to look at the china and the pictures, good temper is the first, if it is found in the house at all.

The Cronans took their good temper chiefly from their father—it was just one more of Nature's compensations to make up for the small income. No one ever saw the doctor cross or irritable, not even when, after a long day's work, he was called out again at bedtime. He was a tall man, of spare figure; his once dark hair and whiskers well streaked with gray. His features were clear and handsome, and his blue eyes had a trick of lighting up suddenly, and his mouth of dropping into a smile on small provocation. Certainly not a weeping philosopher, nor one inclined to rail at the times, even if they were ten times as disastrous.

The picture of family life at its easiest and happiest presented in this Camden Town household is reproduced every night in miles of streets and thousands of houses. It is complete when the mother sits—as Mrs. Cronan sat this evening—with a basket of work before her, placidly stitching. She had been married for twenty-four years, and had stitched without stopping for twenty-three years, so that she now desired no other occupation but leisurely stitching. When the children were younger there was greater pressure—the stitching was hurried. Beside her sat her second daughter, Norah. She had a book in her hand, but I think she was not reading much, for she did not turn over the pages, and her eyes were looking through the open window into the back garden, where two lilacs and a laburnum were in full blossom. When a girl is engaged to the most delightful fellow in the world and the cleverest, there are not many books which she cares to read. If it be asked why she was not assisting her mother in darning the family stockings, it is enough to reply that a girl who is private secretary to a genealogist, who draws a salary and pays for her own board, and who is engaged all day in the most scientific researches, cannot be expected to darn stockings in the evening. Geraldine, the third daughter, was learning a lesson for next day's school, and the three boys, Terence, Alberic and Larry, were having a row royal, in which nobody interfered—in so large a family there is always a row going on between some of the members—over a backgammon board. That is to say, two of them quarrelling, and the third, who ardently desired to swing a shilliball in the fray, had been hustled and bundled out of the squabble at an early stage, and now sat quiet, waiting for his chance.

Such a picture as this is truly national; it represents the English bonheur de famille. Less civilized nations go to theatres, cafes, chateaus, open-air concerts, operas, dances, circuses, public gardens—all kinds of things. All "in family" our people stay at home, each household in its own nest. The elder boys, however, have got a trick of spending the evening out. In his hand the doctor had an evening paper, and he was reading it slowly, as is the habit with men who have no time for much reading, and sometimes forget the newspaper for many days together. From time to time he jerked a piece of news at his wife, who never read a paper at all, and knew nothing of any politics outside the walls of her own house.

Then the door opened, and an old gentleman came in. He was a very clean, good-looking old gentleman, grave, and even severe, but not benevolent of aspect. Quite the contrary, indeed, though his locks were so silvery white and so abundant, and his beard so beautiful and so creamy. He would have looked benevolent, perhaps, but for his under lip, which projected, and gave a grumpy look to an otherwise open and kindly countenance. This was Uncle Joseph himself. He was dressed in evening costume—not the old-fashioned swallowtail which old men used to wear by day, but the correct evening dress of the day, with a shirt front decorated with one stud and a white tie. He wore this dress—a most unusual dress in Camden Town—as if he was accustomed to it, not as if it was a kind of disguise. At sight of their great-uncle the boys shut up the backgammon board, and all then retired together promptly, and were heard to finish their game and their quarrel in some upstairs apartment. Norah, for her part, applied herself vigorously to her novel, and her father buried himself in the paper. So great was the popularity of Uncle Joseph.

Uncle Joseph shook his head solemnly, took a chair as if he were assisting at a funeral, and sat down beside his niece, Mrs. Cronan, with a sigh that was almost like a groan. He sighed a great deal in the evening, which, for certain reasons, was a trying time with him.

"Two years ago," he addressed the doctor, but received no response from the newspaper, and therefore he turned to his niece. "Two years ago, Maria, I should say, at this moment, half-past nine, he is sitting on the right hand, or perhaps the left, of the chairman. The banquet would be nearly



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

We need a city hall. Wheat in this vicinity is ripening very fast.

The Salvation army has a new captain.

The Schutzenfest will take place on July 5.

The Methodist Sunday school has 400 members.

The Christian Church Sunday school will picnic at Chippewa July 1.

Several new and very elegant houses are going up on East Main street.

The Harmonia band played Friday night last, but not in the band stand.

Prayer meeting at the M. E. church will be held on Thursday night this week.

A big crowd is going to Camp Chippewa with the Christian Sunday school on July 1.

The town eats nothing but banana ice cream. It drinks nothing but yum yum soda water.

The German Lutheran Sunday school picnic will be held at Meyer's lake some time next month.

The Episcopal Dime Society will meet with Mrs. Thomas Dillon, in South East street, this evening.

Hot weather has a depressing effect upon the enthusiasm usually displayed at Salvation Army meetings.

An enterprising firm of Bolivar merchants is running railroad excursions from Bowerstown to their store.

The Rev. Hiram Miller, a former pastor of Canton, preached in the First Methodist church on Sunday last.

The Rev. W. J. Wilson of this city occupied the pulpit of the First Methodist church in Canton last Sunday.

Six tennis courts on the floor-like grounds of the North street High School show the bent of youthful Massillon minds.

The ten-year-old daughter of Mr. John Brennehan was run into by a dray Thursday night and quite severely injured.

One hundred reapers and mowers of Western and Southern Ohio manufacture have been sold in Massillon since the opening of the season.

The Massillon Water Company will have one of the costliest offices in town when it is finished. Telephonic communications will at once be made.

The pension roll for Stark county numbers 343 persons, who receive from the government \$2,638.33 per month. The Massillon list contains 59 names.

The temperance people of Alliance are jubilant because the council of the town has ordered the saloonists to prepare for an ordinance entirely prohibiting the sale of intoxicants.

The money raised by the M. E. Band of Hope the other night at their festival does not go into the building fund of the church, as they need it to further the interests of the cause of temperance.

There will be preaching morning and evening Sabbath at the U. B. church by the pastor. Subject for the evening discourse: "Games and Amusements," second sermon on this subject. Public invited.

A big nail mill belonging to Mr. A. L. Wetherald, of this city, located at Harper's Ferry, was burned to the ground last week. It was only one of a number of contiguous mills, and will therefore be rebuilt on the same ground.

Captain Asa Cutler, the well known navigator on the waters of the Ohio Canal, has his eye on the district superintendence under Mr. Hall. What the Captain does not know about canals is not worth knowing, and with the petition he has ready he may be successful.

Massillon has ten iron bridges for foot passengers and wagons, one fine stone arch bridge, six railroad bridges, and any number of private bridges, and still needs many more very badly. Crossings over the two main water ways should be provided so that the public can be fully accommodated.

The Columbus bird show packed up their featherless pigeon, five-tailed calf and one-tune grind-organ Monday, and after a successful season here, will seek green pastures where some other poor soul who occupies an office over them will be compelled to listen to a hymn tune ten hours a day.

Cort & Murphy's Specialty Company occupied the Opera House Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, playing to fair houses. The entertainment is very fair, and they received unstinted applause. Each evening a first-class tight-rope exhibition was given on a rope stretched across Erie street by one of the best artists that has ever visited this city.

First communion services will be held next Sunday at St. Mary's German Catholic church, at which time about forty-five boys and girls will be admitted for the first time to the Eucharist, and the occasion will be appropriately celebrated by the church. The choir will sing Kimer's pleasing mass in G, the music of which Prof. H. C. Baer of this city has arranged for string, and a quartette of rising young musicians of this city will render it under his direction. Services begin at 10 a. m.

Work on the interior of the handsome postoffice building is being pushed rapidly. The stained glass will soon be set.

The pulpit of the Christian church was very acceptably filled on Sunday last by the Rev. A. P. Dowling of Alliance. The Rev. J. E. Mann preached in that town.

Among the incorporations filed last week appeared that of the Massillon Water Company, increasing its capital stock from \$75,000 to \$200,000.

The grand opening of Lake Park Hotel at Myer's Lake has been postponed until Monday, June 28. The Grand Army Band of Canton will furnish music during the day and evening. Everybody is invited to come and see the many improvements we have made. Street cars leave Canton every 24 minutes and connect at Lake View with the steam ferry boat for Lake Park.

RAYLISS & HECKERT,  
Telephone No. 138.

The new Opera House curtain has been hung, and was used for the first time Monday night. It was made by a celebrated New York firm, Messrs. Sossman & Landis, and is certainly more beautiful than any ever used in this house. From the bottom two broad marble steps lead to the center panel, on either end of which is a large vase filled with roses. On both sides a deep blue plush drapery extends out for several feet. A harmonious upper drapery comes down to the panel frame, which is massive and elegant. Inside the frame an Italian marine view holds the eye without displeasing it. The graceful boats, the slender spires and the deep rich tone gives an effect that cannot but be admired.

Miss C. S. Burnett delivered a very excellent address in the Methodist church on Sunday night last on "The Present Phases of the Temperance Question." She has held the position of State organizer of local unions by the appointment of the State W. C. T. U., and has been very busy and very successful. She plainly stated the position of all advanced temperance people of to-day, that prohibition is the aim for the State and for the Nation, and that they are not particular as to the means, whether by one party or another or by no party at all; prohibition we must have; drunkard making must stop; the saloon must go. The women are now almost a unit on it, and when a woman will she will. Many of the brethren got under conviction from Miss B.'s talk on Sunday night also.

The U. C. D. Club met with Miss Lizzy Folger on Friday evening last, to hold its eighth annual banquet. After a winter of hard work upon the knotty problems presented in the study of American history, the minds of the members relaxed, and a thoroughly good time was had in the playing of the old Jeffersonian game, charades. These banquets are always expected to be characteristic of the nation which the club at the time is studying, and in consequence this was a very hilarious meeting carried out on a purely American plan. Before the attraction of charades was lost, the feast was announced, and the club as a body devoured the creations of the confectioner and the baker with the same avidity with which it devours constitutional questions, and the treatment of the red man. Each person found under his plate a card, bearing one of the many famous patriotic sentiments breathed by our great men, and when they were read aloud they were found to contain many bright personal hits. It was well on towards midnight before the party broke up, not to re-assemble until September.

## Personal.

Miss Grace Bailey is in Cleveland. The Hon. John McBride is home again. Arthur Fisher was in town Saturday. George Saunders has moved to Springfield.

Ira Leighley is home from Mt. Union college.

Harry Fiscus will attend Wooster university.

Miss Ida Manley left for Pittsburg Tuesday.

Miss Annie Joice of Salem is visiting in the city.

Miss C. A. Reamer is visiting friends in the city.

Chas. Thompson of Salem has moved to this city.

Mrs. Charles Breider is visiting friends in Medina.

Mr. E. L. Arnold attended a party in Akron Friday.

Jay Budd of Elyria ran down Saturday to see the town.

Miss Mame Bahney is visiting Canton relatives this week.

Miss Kittie Trout, of Canton, is visiting friends in the city.

Frank Hemperly and Harry Ryder went to Cleveland to see the circus.

Miss Maud Carnack of Perrysville is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hisey.

Karl Miller reached home Saturday after a satisfactory business trip.

Mrs. A. H. Shafer is visiting her relatives near Massillon.—Orrville Crescent.

Mrs. W. H. Vincent, of Massillon, was visiting here this week.—Alliance Leader.

Mrs. S. M. Knapp reached home Saturday after a long absence in Mansfield.

Judge Peter A. Laubie, of Salem, was a guest at the Hotel Conrad on Monday.

Frank Young is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Young.

Miss Lizzie Proctor and Miss Georgia Holiday have returned home from the West.

Mr. F. A. Harding will soon erect a home in the East Oak street, "Quality Hill."

The Donot Brothers are arranging to build a handsome residence in Chestnut street.

Miss Lola Glessner of Warsaw, Ind., is visiting Miss Flo Kail and other friends.

Mrs. Arthur Brown, of New Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. M. A. Brown on "Quality Hill."

Misses Laura and Hattie Russell arrived from their Massachusetts school Saturday afternoon.

Charles A. Ricks, who has been attending the Kenyon military school, is home for the summer vacation.

Wm. Vogt, Alber Raiber and Edward Gleitsman have recently become members of the Harmonia band.

Miss Matthews and Miss Bessie Hoover of New Philadelphia are the guests of Miss Lulu E. Savidge, on East Main street.

Hon. John P. Green, of Cleveland, will address the colored people at the Emancipation Day celebration at Meyer's Lake August 1.

Andy Dangleheisen of this city, employed by Wappenstein's Detective Agency, is taking a little vacation at his home.

There will be a social held at the U. B. parsonage Thursday evening next. Refreshments will be served, and all will be welcome.

F. W. Webster, postmaster of Salem, his son Karl, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Judd and son Ralph, all of Salem, spent several days of last week with Mrs. J. H. Burcaw.

Mrs. Celia Drake is in Massillon, called there by the death of her mother, Mrs. Griffiths, who has been ill for some time. She will remain there until after the funeral.—Niles Cor. Youngstown Telegram.

Thomas Haines, of Massillon, made the Republican den a pleasant call last Monday. He was attending the decoration services in Salem. He is a member of the McLain Post, G. A. R., No. 16 at Reading, Pa. He served in the navy nearly nineteen years. Was in the Mexican war under Commodore Stockton and in the late war under Commodore Farragut in the Gulf squadron. He was dressed in a regular Jack Tar uniform, even to the large jack-knife at his side. He is now a member of the Salvation Army. He gave us an interesting account of his sea-faring voyages.—Salem Republican.

## "STRIVE FOR HIGHER CULTURE."

The Class of '86 Holds Its Commencement Exercises, and the Doors of the Public Schools Close for the Summer Months.

The High School Hall was crowded Wednesday night with anxious parents, hopeful relatives, proud friends, old scholars and hundreds of visitors from Canton, Wooster, New Philadelphia, Navarre, Fulton and many other places. The School Board decided one year ago that no flowers could be presented to the graduates, and as if to atone for this provision, the stage was made to bloom like a flower garden, and with the white dresses and healthy looking boys, completed a very pretty picture.

Long before eight o'clock the High School students were in their rooms loudly protesting their coolness. Here Mrs. Pinney and Miss Maltby held quite a little reception, being visited by one-time school boys and girls and friends, who wished to say good-bye before they left. These ladies started yesterday morning for New York, and will from there set sail for Liverpool and spend the summer in England and on the Continent. Many others came to see if they had outgrown their well-worn desks, and everybody was infused with the happy feeling of Commencement time.

Promptly the whole school marched upon the stage, where the programme was observed. The class for various reasons was rather small, but the exercises were up to the usual standard, and will all be found on the second page. They were all delivered smoothly, especially that of Jesse P. Penberthy. The two orations of Harry Conrad and Edward R. Albright gave each other interest, as they touched upon the two sides of the question of Capital and Labor.

The musical selections, which were accompanied on the piano by Miss May Wilson, were rendered with taste and spirit, although a little weak in places. Still, the voices were good, and for the short time they have been under training reflect credit upon Prof. McPhail. Prof. Jones' address to the class was listened to with deep attention. After presenting the diplomas, he conferred an Adrian College scholarship upon Miss Cora Crone, who stood highest in her class, and whose graceful essay, by the way, was greatly enjoyed.

At about ten o'clock the exercises were concluded, and the class descended to the lower hall to receive congratulations.

## Mayor's Court.

August Nopper pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery Saturday, and in consequence paid over \$14.00.

Elias Laughlin, a man old enough to know better, got drunk Saturday night and threw beer glasses. Being the first offense, he got \$5 and costs.

Fred Byers walked into "Old Two-for-five's" establishment Saturday night and purchased some eggs of the match merchant. Failing to produce the money, "Two-for-five" urged an immediate settlement. This Byers did not feel like doing, so he thrashed "Matches" instead. Fred is now in the county jail and will remain there during the heated period—sixty days.

Alexander Collet made an unprovoked assault upon Emil Monnoyer, both glass blowers, Saturday night, which resulted in Monnoyer falling on some stones, breaking his leg. Monnoyer made a proposition to Collet through the Mayor to pay him \$150 and all the doctor's fees and the costs, and he saved the annoyance of prosecution and perhaps imprisonment. Collet was very glad to do so, and being a man that earns good wages, paid over the whole amount, \$221.60, at once in cash, and was discharged.

## THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Complete List of Teachers for New Year.

At a meeting of the Massillon School Board held on Tuesday night, nothing but routine business was transacted and the following nominations for teachers for the next year were conferred:

E. A. Jones, Superintendent.  
Miss L. D. Finney, Principal High School.  
Miss M. E. Maltby, Asst. Principal High School.

## NORTH STREET SCHOOL.

Miss Sarah Ruttler, A Grammar.  
Miss Ellen Olson, B Grammar.  
" Ella Tozer, C Grammar.  
" Susie Graybill, C Primary.  
" Sallic Brannan, A Secondary.  
" Myra Mervin, A and B Secondary.  
" Mamie B. Kilb, B Secondary.  
" Frances Stokely, A Primary.

Mrs. Dagwood, B Primary.  
Miss Ollie Elms, C and D Primary.

## EAST STREET SCHOOL.

Miss Ida Ruelley, A Primary.

" Alletta York, B and C Primary.

## RICHVILLE AVENUE SCHOOL.

Miss Nancy Wiseman, A and B Primary.

Miss Angela Strobel, C Primary.

## WEST TREMONT STREET SCHOOL.

Mr. John Ellis, A Grammar and Principal.

Miss Viola Pepper, B Grammar.

" Desie Graybill, A and B Secondary.

" Ada F. Hollinger, A and B Secondary.

" Florence London, B Secondary.

" Alice Gallagher, A Primary.

" Ida Kline, B and C Primary.

" Nellie Prancer, C and D Primary.

## WEST MAIN STREET SCHOOL.

Mrs. Estelle McMillan, A and B Primary.

" Alice Young, C and D Primary.

## CHERRY STREET SCHOOL.

Miss Edith Ball, A and B Primary.

" Ida Tinkler, C and D Primary.

## Died.

TELLER.—On Thursday, June 17, 1886, at Spring Hill, at the residence of Mrs. A. C. Wales, Mrs. Lydia A. Teller, at the age of 73 years.

To those acquainted with Mrs. Teller, the above notice will be read with deep sorrow. Living in Massillon, as she had at her decease, over fifty years, only "Time that beareth all things onward" can darken the pleasant memories that are inseparably connected with her life's history. As is now remembered, Mrs. Teller, then the young wife of the late Dr. J. V. C. Teller, and her sister, Miss A. L. Shepherdson, and Dr. Teller came to the then village of Massillon in the autumn of 1832, Dr. Teller having previously located here and commenced the practice of medicine and surgery, in which he was eminently successful, soon abandoning his profession and entering into the business of merchandising, which he followed with doubtful success until the discovery of gold in California, when he went with the great crowd to the Pacific slope; returning from there he went to the city of Albany and resumed the practice of his profession, where he died, leaving his wife in comfortable circumstances.

Shortly after Mrs. Teller had become comfortably settled in this city her mother, Mrs. Shepherdson, arrived here from Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y., the birth place of her daughters, and within a few years became the wife of Hon. Arvine Wales, father of the late ex-Senator Wales, and proprietor of the well-known Spring Hill property. Mrs. Teller's sister became the wife of the late Hon. Samuel Pease, one of the first lawyers to settle in Massillon, and of whom it may be said, in passing, he was a man of as good legal mind as ever graced the bar of Stark county; while he never aspired to brilliancy as an advocate, as a pleader under the old system of practice and a juris consult he had few equals and no superior. With the death of Mrs. Teller have passed away all the Teller, Wales and Pease connection of the original families, except a son, Theodore P. Pease, and Mrs. Church, widow of the late Hon. J. W. Church, Judge Anson Pease, and Mrs. A. C. Wales.

Mrs. Teller was a woman of rare excellence in all the departments of life, social and domestic; as a wife, mother and friend, she discharged her whole duty. She had followed to the grave all her children, and had little to comfort her when "looking mournfully into the past," and she might well be thankful that it "comes not back again." She had buried father, mother, sister, children and husband, but was not alone. The habitual kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Wales made her last days of pleasantness. The poor and needy will miss her, as her hand and purse were ever open to their wants. One of her donations was a fine set of Appleton's Cyclopaedia to the Kendall Charity School. Since she has gone it is ascertained that her benefactions were almost without number. Few persons have left upon the social history of Massillon the impress of a more lovely character. Regarding it hers she "wisely improved the present," and has gone forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a trusting heart. R. H. F.

There was an excursion from Massillon and intermediate points to Cleveland Wednesday, the attraction being Barnum's shows.

## Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Particular attention paid to fitting

## SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES

C. C. MILLER,  
37 E. Main St., Massillon, O.  
In with Park Drug Store.

C. F. VON KANEL,  
WISHES TO  
ANNOUNCE TO THE PEOPLE  
—OF—  
MASSILLON AND VICINITY,  
That he has taken the agency for the celebrated

## Columbus



## WATCH,

Which he will highly recommend as a first-class watch. In connection with the same you will find all other leading watches, which will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

A handsome line of Jewelry, Silverware, Gold Head Cane, Etc., will always be found in stock.

C. F. VON KANEL,  
No. 5 West Main Street.

## RAILROAD MATTERS.

## The Case of Hucks &amp; Co.

The railroad of the Becmet Hon. N. H. Swayne, of Swayne, Swayne & Hayes, last evening, and asked him the present status of the case. Said he in regard to the suit of Hucks & Co., against the W. & L. E. stockholders:

"We expect confidently to be able to reverse the judgment of the lower court and defeat the proceedings of plaintiffs. There are no questions of fact in the case not covered by the pleadings filed and all legal grounds are covered by the demurrer and answer. Our instructions from the bondholders are to use every effort to protect the stockholders and to do this at the bondholders' expense. These directions have been received from the executors of the estate of Commodore Garrison.

"Another thing, the legal defenses are so numerous that I don't think a single stockholder will ever live to see a dollar of these claims paid, even if Hock & Hucks succeed. There are enough unpaid subscriptions to pay off any judgment they may obtain, and any other claims against the Ohio stockholders. The Garrison estate holds a large amount of claims against the road that are unsecured. These they will under no circumstances press against the Ohio stockholders, and as a last resort these claims can be proved to such an amount in these proceedings, that by giving the bondholders the benefit of them, the per cent. of any outsiders would be so small that nothing would be realized against the stockholders.

"The claims that Hock and Hucks hold were purchased in a speculation and in order to save the stockholders any annoyance we offered to pay the plaintiff the amount they invested and 6 per cent. interest, which they refused to accept. Now, proper papers have been drawn up to file at any time, and the suit need cause the stockholders no anxiety.—Toledo Bee.

Orrville does more transfer business proportionately from one railroad to another than any town in this part of the State.

Massillon is the best paying station on the line of the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad with the exception of Toledo, excluding the immense amount of coal shipped from here.

A bad wreck occurred on the Ft. Wayne Road Tuesday, in which Harley Harrington, a young Alliance boy was killed. The accident occurred a few miles east of Canton. A number of cars were thrown off the track, and a great deal of damage done. Wrecking trains from Massillon and Alliance were soon on hand, and trains were running as usual after 4 o'clock.

The sale of the Wheeling & Lake Erie road was confirmed yesterday by Judge Welker on application of the committee of bondholders, Melville C. Day, George J. Forrest, and Daniel E. Garrison, who purchased the property April 23 last, for \$500,000. The confirmation was conditioned to the payment by the purchasers of all receivers' indebtedness and all claims against the road while operated by the receivers.—Reflector.

## THE W. &amp; L. E. SUT.

The committee representing the stockholders of the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad, who have been sued by N. Hucks & Co., have employed attorneys William A. Lynch and Otto E. Young to defend them in the suit. The Orrville, Smithville, Navarre and Jefferson county shareholders have also joined the Massillon organization, so that it now numbers 300 strong. Nearly all the interested persons have become members, and those who do not do so before June 26 will not be defended by the local society.



To those desiring to attend the Teacher's Convention at Chautauqua Lake, commencing June 25, round trip tickets will be put on sale June 25 good for return until July 27 at the low price of \$4.45. Season tickets good until Oct. 31, \$6.95 for the round trip. Parties wishing to go to Chautauqua Lake please call on or write to E. P. Edgar, agent W. & L. E. R. R., who will gladly give all information. Close connections made with N. Y., P. & O. R'y. at Cretton by leaving Massillon on the 1:20 p. m. train.

Half fare excursions over the Wheeling and Lake Erie to and from all stations, July 3, 4 and 5, 1886, tickets good returning July 3, 4, 5 and 6. On the occasion of our national holiday the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway will be open to the public for low rates in all directions. Adults half fare. Children quarter fare. Tickets good until July 6 returning.

FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION RATES.  
The C. L. & W. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets between all its stations and Cleveland on July 3d and 5th at one-half rate. Tickets will be good returning July 3, 5 and 6, 1886.

## Another Railroad Accident.

Josie Strawn, a little eleven-year-old girl, whose home is in Afton, Iowa, in charge of her uncle, M. N. Strawn, started for Massillon on the Ft. Wayne train which reaches this city early in the morning, expecting to change cars here and continue her way south to New Cumberland, on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad. Mr. Strawn had requested the trainmen to wake them when they arrived at Massillon, but through inadvertence they failed to tell him that the town had been reached, although he was wide awake at the time. He got off the train, and looking around and suddenly discovering that the place was Massillon, made a rush for the train to get the little girl and a basket. By this time the engine had started and the cars were moving rapidly. Nevertheless he jumped and was turned several times. The little girl followed, and being less fortunate, fell with her foot on the track. The wheels passed over the foot between the heel and toes, crushing it so that amputation was necessary. She was carried to the Hotel Conrad, where everything was done to make her comfortable.

## Announcement.

Please announce the name of ANSON FRANK, of Stark county, as a candidate for re-nomination for Sheriff of Stark county, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election, of the Ninth Judicial District.

## For Sheriff.

Please announce the name of GEORGE W. HALL, of Navarre, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election, and to please many friends.

## For Sheriff.

Please announce the name of Captain R. B. CRAWFORD, Co. A, 13th O. V. I., as a candidate for Sheriff of Stark county, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

## MANY CITIZENS.

If you want good celery plants call on John Lowe. 51-3t

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE YOU CAN GET ONE DOZ. CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS FOR \$2.00 TO \$3.00 per dozen at J. C. HARING'S, Massillon, Ohio.

Call and see the new designs in jewelry just received at C. F. Von Kanel's.

A full line of gold head canes at C. F. Von Kanel's.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen. 37-tf

Fine job work of all descriptions at this office.







## SAVED BY ONE MISTAKE.

A Carefully Worded Plot to Entice a Former Massillon Woman to Her Home.

Special to the N. Y. World from Minneapolis.]

"If he's there and I get sight of him I'll shoot him," said G. W. Martin, as he boarded a train for Chicago. Mr. Martin's pretty wife went to the home of her mother in Massillon, O., six weeks ago on a visit. The husband received the last letter from her last week, and in it she spoke of letters written by him in Chicago, and in it quotes a telegram as follows: "Meet me at the Palmer House, Chicago, Thursday, G. W. M." Mrs. Martin wrote that she was too ill to go and asked why he signed his initials instead of signing the telegram as usual, "Will."

Mr. Martin had not been in Chicago at all, and was therefore mystified at first. Then he saw that some scoundrel had endeavored to entrap his pretty wife by forging his hand writing, and tried to entice the lady to Chicago. He telegraphed to Mrs. Martin to remain where she was, and sent another dispatch to Mayor Harrison of Chicago, a personal friend, outlining the case, and asking him to have the police look out for the author of the forged telegrams. Mr. Martin is something of an artist in an amateur way and has done some sketching from nude models. Since going to Massillon Mrs. Martin has received an anonymous letter containing the information that "if she wanted to find out about her husband she had better see \_\_\_\_\_," giving the name of a female model of this city. Mr. Martin called upon the model as soon as he heard of this letter. She denied ever having intimated that she knew anything against him. His two-fold trouble greatly excited the young husband, and he started for Chicago and Massillon with vengeance in his heart. Mr. Martin is an agent for Appleton & Co., the New York publishers. His friends in Minneapolis speak in the highest terms of his character.

## SETTLED BY A DIVORCE.

That Massillon Lady Tells of Her Disappearance and What She Had Been Doing.

Special Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 18.—Mrs. G. W. Martin, whose mysterious disappearance from Massillon, Ohio, has lately caused her husband so much anxiety, is in this city. When asked to give her story the lady said: "I don't care to do more than to correct some of the misstatements coming from Mr. Martin. I was not deceived from my mother's home at Massillon, Ohio, by a man. Such a statement does me great injustice. I was in Massillon nine weeks, and while there received frequent loving letters from Mr. Martin. Then a lady friend of mine, whom I know to be stanch and true, wrote to me informing me of my husband's conduct while I was away. I came here at once. I found facts enough to convince me that he has not been true to me."

"I am no longer Mrs. Martin," she continued. "I am divorced, and have assumed my maiden name, Ida P. Roof. I shall have nothing more to do with my former husband. I don't care to say anything against him unless he puts in print more misstatements about me. Then I will write him up. He took women to my house and went out riding with them. I have talked with the women and know it. I have facts enough."

She drew a letter from her portemonnaie and opened it. It was dated at Chicago and was from Martin. The letter was conciliatory in its tone and contained an acknowledgment that she had always been true to her husband.

"He has hysterical fits," the lady went on with a little forced laugh, "but they are put on; he is a very nervous man."

She indorsed the statement in the anonymous letter referred to yesterday that she had a little revolver. "I don't want to live in Minneapolis any longer," she said. "We had many friends who did not know of our troubles. I shall not stay here more than a week at the longest."

Martin is still in Chicago.

## NAVARRE.

Miss Budd is visiting C. K. Smith of the "Plains."

J. J. Fohl paid Canton a business trip last Saturday.

Navarre's West End ornament—Heintzelman's stable.

Miss Eldora Gundy of Conotton, Ohio, visited here on Monday.

"Children's day" was observed in the M. E. church last Sunday evening.

Miss Jennie Linn of Massillon visited her parents on High street Sunday.

Several farmers of this district have commenced harvesting their grain.

A festival under the auspices of the Union Sabbath School will be held in the Opera Hall on the evening of July 3.

S. M. Chase paraded the streets last Saturday with thirteen self-binders. He is agent for the Excelsior binder.

Navarre seemed deserted Monday because of the large number of her citizens who went to see the dead Jumbo.

The large two-story addition to Grossklaus & Ricksecker's business block is quite an improvement for West End square.

R. B. Welch surprised the neighbors by giving his house a coat of paint last week. Numerous others should follow his example.

J. S. Shields of the Wilmot Enterprise, was in town Monday. Look out, Shields, when you are in Navarre Korkley is apt to bounce you.

A number of citizens were attracted to the Blough church by the "Children's Day" exercises and picnic held at that place last Sunday.

It is rumored that Navarre will soon have another livery stable. Our present liveryman makes prices to suit himself, and a little competition may do him good.

Mrs. Lydia Smith died last Friday about a mile east of town. She was brought to this place for interment Sunday. She was 81 years of age. Rev. Gruber conducted the funeral services.

We are pleased to note the little encouragement the Sunday outlaws receive from this place with their Sunday excursions to Congress Lake. We admire the principles of our citizens not a little, and trust they may always maintain their high standing. Down with these Sabbath desecrators!

A red squirrel and a jaybird were seen in the woods adjoining town one day last week, and a company of about a half dozen have been hunting them ever since. The sight of a gray squirrel sets about two-thirds of Navarre crazy, and the shotgun is at once hauled down. Boys, please give the little animals time to cut their teeth, and their mothers time to "wean" them before you hunt them down.

## BROOKFIELD.

Noticing for some time past the absence of our Brookfield correspondent, and seeing how sadly our thriving little village needs some one to represent her in the INDEPENDENT, we will try as time and business engagements will permit to give the readers of the INDEPENDENT the principal events and doings of the people occurring in and about town.

Esquire Walters is visiting his brother at Findlay, O.

J. D. Miller made a business trip to Orrville Saturday last.

The festival at Stand's church Sunday evening was largely attended.

Miss Esther Powell of Massillon spent Sunday with Miss Clara Gardner.

Mrs. H. A. Shaffer of Orrville spent Sunday with her parents at this place.

C. F. Smith, who has been drilling for coal at Sherrodsburg for the past two months, is at home.

The Supervisor has been doing some good work on the roads with the "Boss" road scraper.

Mrs. Martin Shaffer of Massillon has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Welker during the past week.

Samuel Peters and son are drilling for coal on Frederick Blantz's land in the east end, with good prospects.

A good sized audience assembled at the M. E. church Monday evening to hear the temperance address of Miss C. E. Burnett.

C. M. Smith closed a term of school at East Greenville last Friday. He has been engaged to teach the coming winter and spring term.

Our enterprising mining drill manufacturer, Mr. Kerns, is having considerable work filling orders. His machine seems to be growing in popularity.

Robert Cox, the young man who so severely injured his foot on Tuesday last week, is convalescing very fast, under the care of Dr. Jas. F. Gardner.

The raising of David Brenner's new barn, west of town, passed off very successfully, with the exception of William Levers sustaining a slight injury to his ankle.

Mr. Harry Ryder, the accommodating young druggist at Baltzley's, together with Charles Decker of Genoa and C. F. Smith of this place, were the guests of D. S. Gardner Sunday.

For political reasons there was a change made, some weeks ago, in our postmasters. Frederick Dornbier being the successful applicant.

Mr. H. F. Gaddis, the retiring postmaster, has held the office for the past 17 years, and we believe has filled the position with honor to himself and credit to the town and neighborhood.

## CHAPMAN.

Young David Edwards is down with the malarial fever.

Wm. G. Miller and wife, and Job Haney and wife, drove to Carroll county and visited friends for a few days last week.

Miss Cordelia Hann closed her first term of school in the Corn-

Dodger district last Friday, and we are glad to say very successfully.

J. S. Coxy allowed all his men to quit work at 4 o'clock and go as a body to Massillon to hear Col. Harper orate from a Greenback standpoint, on Tuesday night of last week.

John Evans, superintendent of that mysterious find at Sheffield Crossing, came down and spent Sunday at his home. He says the boys are happy, getting their cash every two weeks.

The old Clark mine has been leased by a new company, and operations begun towards pumping the water out. There is no temporary work attached to this company, what is done will stand the test.

We hear it whispered among our Baptist friends that we erred when we said they took sacrament, and it should have been communion, and it was through the sickness of Pastor Lister that Rev. Metzgar was called. We cheerfully make the correction and are willing to do so in all cases where our attention is drawn to any mistake we make.

Ex-Policeman Baughman, of Canton, knocked the persimmon that John Mosser, of North Lawrence, was after and is now guard at the penitentiary. It seems this is a hard year for Lawrence township, although having plenty of applicants John Moore, of Canal Fulton, is the only one so far, and he was given charge of the State boat through an ex-representative from Summit county.

Last Saturday was the day selected by the coal operators to meet a committee of the miners for the purpose of reducing the price of coal 10 cents per ton. Owing to the absence of President McBride from the district, we are informed no action was taken by the miners. And now for the Massillon operators to say they took no hand in that deal is ridiculous, for if our memory serves us right one of the most prominent and upright operators of this district was present, and put a proviso in the price resolutions pertaining to the screen legislation then pending before our General Assembly. There is a screw loose somewhere and we sincerely hope that the difficulty will be amicably settled to all concerned.

## DALTON.

Sam Aiken of the W. & L. E. R. R. was in town Sunday.

Dr. R. H. Reed of Mansfield, O., was in town over Sunday.

Simon Snyder and wife visited friends in Wooster Sunday.

Samuel and Charles Oberlin of Massillon were noticed here Sunday.

Mr. Garvin of Wheeling, W. Va., drove up here last week. He was on the way one day and a half.

G. C. Freet, who is attending college at Mt. Union, was called home to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Dr. F. F. H. Pope and J. M. Fiscus started Monday afternoon for Cleveland, O. They drove up, and expect to be there several days.

J. F. Wertz left last week for Boston, to get samples, etc., of clothing. He will stop here again on his way to Missouri, where he will sell clothing.

On last Tuesday night an ice cream and strawberry festival was held at David McDowell's, west of town. A good time was reported. Proceeds, \$40.

On Tuesday night of last week Mrs. Eliza Houghton died, after a severe illness at an old age. The funeral was attended largely on Saturday at 10 a. m.

James Buchanan's little boy and Mr. Everett's little girl were swinging in a hammock. They overbalanced and fell out, striking their heads on the corner of some brick, making severe gashes.

On last Thursday evening Samuel Anderson died very suddenly of heart disease or apoplexy. He went down street as usual and sat down on a bench in front of Dague & Buchanan Bros' store, and said "good evening" to his son-in-law and several others who were there. He just leaned back and died without a struggle. The funeral was held Sunday, and was one of the largest here for years. He was over 70 years of age.

## Information Wanted.

June 10, 1886.

To the Honorable Postmaster, Massillon, O.:

DEAR SIR:—Will you inform me if any such person as George H. Moore resides in your city. Mr. Moore came from Bridgton, Mo., where his parents formerly lived. He was in business at Belleville, St. Clair county, Ill., in 1858-59. The firm name was George H. Moore & Co. I have not heard anything of him for over twenty years, but learned that he came to your city about twenty years ago. If you can possibly give me any information of his whereabouts you would confer a great favor on me.

Yours very respectfully,

C. A. SMITH.

## Out and About.

Mrs. Little and daughter, of Canton, were arrested at Massillon for disorderly conduct and fast driving, and locked up in the cooler. It is strange that Canton ladies cannot enjoy themselves in Massillon without being subject to annoyance.—Donner Reporter.

Mr. Blaine's official utterances rattle around the world, while Stephen Grover Cleveland's Presidential observations excite no attention at home or abroad. It is not always the man who is elected who picks up the power and the glory.

## Political Points.

The boom seems to be for John McBride as Democratic candidate for Secretary of State.—Plain Dealer.

Dave Paige says he will not be a candidate for Congress in the Twentieth Ohio district. Dave carried the district once and could do it again, but he don't care about it.—Plain Dealer.

That fiery orator, Ex-Lieutenant Governor Warwick, is being mentioned as Major McKinley's rival for Congress. We might remark, confidentially, that we hope the report is not true, as the aged mossback would insist on a joint debate; and he's a terror when he gets loose, as we are afraid even the little Napoleon of Ohio would discover to his sorrow.—Commercial Gazette.

## Undigested Food.

In the stomach develops an acid which stings the upper part of the throat and palate, causing "heartburn." It also evolves a gas which produces wind on the stomach, and a feeling of oppression of distention in that organ after eating. For both this acidity and swelling food-stomach Bitters is a much better remedy than all saline salts, like harshness and carbonate of soda. A wineglassful of the Bitters, after or before dinner, will be found to act as a reliable carminative and preventive. This fine specific for dyspepsia, both in its acute and chronic form, also prevents and cures malarial fever, constipation, liver complaint, kidney troubles, nervousness and debility. Persons who observe in themselves a decline of vigor should use this tonic without delay.

## Chionanthus Compound.

Is certainly the most effective remedy for the Liver, Kidneys and Blood which has ever come before the people. It is growing into favor rapidly, as we expected it would. One person using it tells neighbors of its prompt curative action. It therefore requires less advertising than any remedy in the market. It cures all conditions dependent upon a disordered state of the Liver, Kidneys, or Blood. Such a Jaundice, Torpid and inactive Liver derangements of the Kidneys Eruptions on the Skin, Pimples on the face, Boils, Scald-Head of children, Excoriations of infants, etc. The medicine is pleasant to take, and contains the best Liver and Blood purifying properties known. A physician who has prescribed it many years, says he never had any medicine which gave such satisfaction. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

## An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. I have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at 50c a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box by Z. T. Baltzley.

## A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives, and all those who suffer from any affection of the throat and lungs, can always find a certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free trial bottle at Z. T. Baltzley's drug store. Large size \$1.00.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzley. Mar 23, 83, 1y

## A Card

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe which will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Tinnan, Station D, New York City. oct30-1y

Itch of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Schuckers, Druggist, Massillon. 37-4m

ROYER'S GERMAN SPECIFIC cures Diarrhoea, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels. For old or young, pleasant to take. Price 25c. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

—J. E. Jackson, Dear Sir: I was afflicted very badly for years with kidney disease. I used two bottles of your medicine—Burdick's Kidney Cure. This acts at once and should be known to all sufferers. Thomas McClure, Unionville, N. J. Price, 75 cents and \$1.25. Sample free. For sale by J. M. Shuckers. Also ask for a free sample bottle of Magnesium Bonum. J. E. Jackson's Cough Syrup free to all. Large size 25 cents. 431f

REV. H. B. EWELL, of Pavilion, N. Y., says of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine: "I believe it to be a most desirable remedy to be placed in every family. Sold by druggists."

WILLIS L. CULVER, of Pavilion, N. Y., says that Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cured him of a long standing Throat and Lung trouble. Sold by druggists.

REV. W. F. REQUA, Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill., says that Gilmore's Aromatic Wine is a household remedy and that no family should be without it. Sold by druggists.

CONFINED TO THE BED FOUR MONTHS, and almost blind, and cured by one box of Gilmore's Neuralgia Cure. Sold by druggists.

E. E. CARR, of Daggett's Mills, Pa., says he saved the life of his child with group by using Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir. Sold by druggists.

LADIES, is life and health worth preserving? If you think so, use Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. Sold by druggists.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN, for Coughs and Colds, Group, Whooping Cough and Hoarseness, Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir. Sold by druggists.

REV. E. J. WHITNEY, of Clarkson, N. Y., says Gilmore's Aromatic Wine for Female Weakness, stands without a rival. Sold by druggists.

IMPOTENCY in Man or Woman cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. Sold by druggists.

WE WARRANT Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir to relieve the Asthma in one minute. Sold by druggists. 45-1yeow

## A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, meriting the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranch and cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a \$100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining \$50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, fee, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and this money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—The N. Y. Financial.

## C. L. &amp; W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect May 30, 1886, until further notice. New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.				
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorain.....	6 55AM	3 45PM		4 00AM
Sheffield.....	7 05	3 55		4 10
Elyria.....	7 15	4 05		4 20
Medina.....	7 25	4 15		4 30
Grafton.....	7 40	4 30		4 40
Cleveland.....	7 00	4 00		5 00AM
Grafton.....	8 05	5 05		5 30
Bellevue.....	8 15	5 15		5 40
Ellettsville.....	8 24	5 23		5 50
York.....	8 32	5 31		6 00
Medina.....	8 39	5 38		6 10
Chippewa Lake.....	8 45	5 47		6 20
Seville.....	9 08	6 08		6 50
Stirling.....	9 15	6 15		7 00
Easton.....	9 29	6 29		7 10
Warwick.....	9 40	6 36		7 20
Canal Fulton.....	9 48	6 43		7 30
Pauls.....	9 56	6 51		7 40
Massillon.....	10 06	7 00		7 50
Stirling.....	10 16	7 10		8 00
Justus.....	10 26	7 20		8 10
Each City.....	10 34	7 28		8 20
Strasburg.....	10 45	7 39		8 30
Massillon.....	10 56	7 50		8 40
New Philadelphia.....	11 05	8 10		8 50
Goshen.....	8 15	6 19		1 40
Tuscarawas.....	11 15	8 20		7 05
Urichville.....	11 27	8 30		7 15
Massillon.....	11 35	8 38		7 25
Newport.....	11 55	8 58		7 45
Stirling.....	12 05 PM	9 08		7 55
Tippecanoe.....	12 15	9 18		8 05
Frederick.....	12 25	9 28		8 15
Butler.....	12 40	9 43		8 30
Cleveland.....		9 20		5 10
Holloway.....	12 50	9 32		5 20
Laurel.....	1 00	9 43		5 30
Laurel.....	1 10	9 53		5 40
Brace.....	1 18	10 02		5 50
Fairport.....	1 28	10 12		6 00
Maynard.....	1 38	10 22		6 10
Kidder.....	1 48	10 32		6 20
Barren.....	1 50	10 35		6 30
Pasco.....	2 00	10 45		6 40
Brigport.....	2 15	10 50		6 50

## GOING NORTH.

Le. Wheeling by Street Car for Bridgeport.				
STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	Accom.
Bridgeport	11 25am	4 05pm	4 00am	
Passo	11 40	4 20	4 10	
Barren	11 50	4 30	4 20	
Kidd	11 55	4 35	4 25	
Maynard	12 00	4 40	4 30	
Fairport	12 10pm	4 52	4 35	
Brace	12 19	5 02	4 45	
Laurel	12 27	5 10	4 50	
Flushing	12 35	5 22	5 00	
following	12 50	5 35	5 05	
Levevever		5 38	5 08	
Levevever		5 45	5 15	
Levevever		5 50	5 20	
Levevever		5 58	5 28	
Levevever		6 05	5 35	
Levevever		6 12	5 42	
Levevever		6 20	5 50	
Levevever		6 28	5 58	
Levevever		6 35	6 05	
Levevever		6 42	6 12	
Levevever		6 50	6 20	
Levevever		6 58	6 28	
Levevever		7 05	6 35	
Levevever		7 12	6 42	
Levevever		7 20	6 50	
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Levevever		7 35	7 05	
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Levevever		7 58	7 28	
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Levevever		8 12	7 42	
Levevever		8 20	7 50	
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